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RELIGION

Together

What's Ahead for Farmers?

In color: **In the Smokies**

Country Deaconess—*A pictorial*

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families *August 1958*

Together

Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

AUGUST 15, 1958 ***Vol. 2, No. 8***

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In August, as summer tries to wear itself out, a breathless pause seems to hang over our land. But there's nothing dull here as mother and daughter frolic the hot afternoon away. Instead, the camera catches this unforgettable moment of joy and confidence that can come only from a child's faith and love. Photo by Ozzie Sweet.

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That

Amazing Man,

Asbury

ullify Loyalty Oath

an Leandro Church's fight over the t four years to nullify the California alty oath for church property tax mption bore fruit recently when the . Supreme Court ruled the oath un-stitutional.

he San Leandro suit was not part this decision, but its appeal was before Supreme Court and the ruling settles ndirectly.

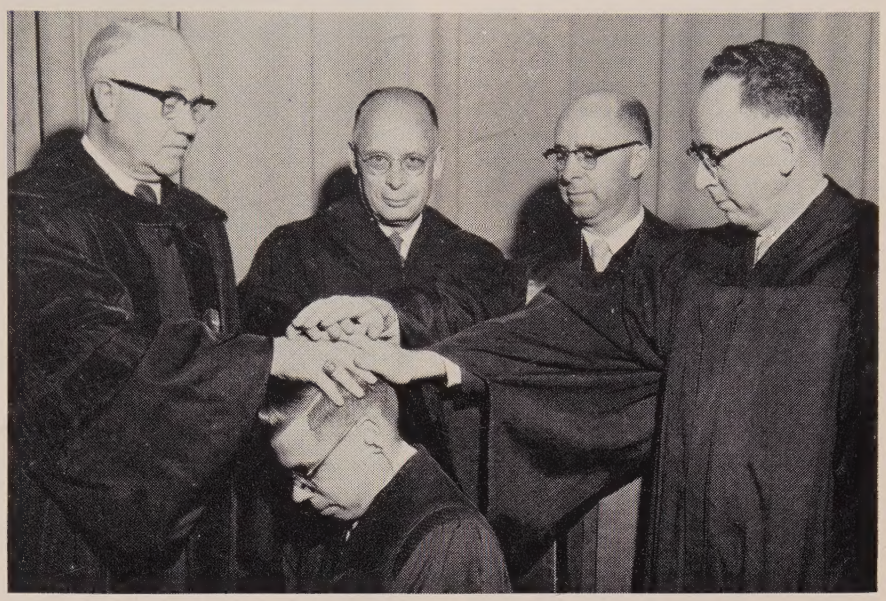
he California electorate in 1952 ap-ved a constitutional amendment pro-iting tax exemptions for subversive ividuals or non-profit organizations. e 1953 Legislature implemented this h an act requiring signing of a loyalty h to secure the exemption.

While the majority of churches signed oath, several did it only under protest. Leandro, however, refused to sign, continued this practice from 1954 on, h the moral support of California-ada Conference. It first sued to elimi-e the oath, then was told to pay its es and sue for their refund. The latter on was carried through the courts for e three years. California superior rts generally decided against the oath's lity but the state Supreme Court eld it 4-3.

he U.S. Supreme Court decided 7-1 t the oath violates the "due process" se of the 14th amendment to the S. Constitution, meaning that the e now must bear the burden of proof subversion to bar tax exemption. The t did not affect the state constitutional dment barring exemptions for sub-ves, but at no time in the proceedings any of the churches or veterans ved accused of being disloyal.

on hearing of the action, this state-t was issued by the church's pastor, Rev. Robert W. Moon, and official d chairman, Herbert Catterall:

"This decision adds another bulwark to defenses against totalitarianism."



Among the 13 men and two women ordained elders at the 1958 conference was the Rev. Robert Walker of Vacaville, with the participation of his father and two uncles. From left are Bishop Tippett, the Rev. Leroy Walker (his father) of the General Board of Evangelism staff, and the uncles, the Rev. Carl E. Walker, Redwood Empire District superintendent, and the Rev. Daniel D. Walker of First Church, Oakland.

Japanese Up Membership

New growth was registered and plans were made for continued expansion of activities, as Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference held its 1958 session in Spokane.

Areas included:

Evangelism—Membership net gain of 328, or nearly six per cent, to a new high of 5,992. More than half the additions were by profession of faith, while more than half the removals were for inactivity. A slogan of "Grow in the Holy Spirit" was adopted for the coming year, with emphasis on prayer, visitation and "holy habits."

Newcomers from Japan—Work among more than 1,000 agricultural contract workers has included several evangelistic meetings and distribution of several hundred copies of the New Testament. A budget of $2,400 was adopted for the coming year, with the Rev. Sadao Masuko of Oxnard to spend part time in this work.

Integration—Reiterated that the conference will be dissolved and its churches join other conferences simultaneously. A survey showed that Japanese ministers or laymen spoke 342 times last year in Caucasian churches. Conference Superintendent Taro Goto noted increased participation by Niseis in Caucasian conference events.

Pensions—The annuity rate was raised from $31 to $32 per year of service, and the conference adopted the optional death benefit plan as part of the pension program.

Finances—Per-member benevolence giving for the year was reported as $2.18, with Pioneer Church, Sacramento, leading at $4.35. Benevolence giving totaled $13,083, included in $19,766 for all connectional work. The World Service asking was increased by ten per cent, and the new budget includes $1,500 to permit resumption of the conference pastors' school, after a year's lapse.

Statistics—Infant baptism increased from 123 to 145, but other baptisms dropped

anese Conference members hold picnic and vespers in a Spokane park, led by Hiram ita (left) of Seattle. Speaker was the Rev. Roy Sano (third from right, front).

from 347 to 284. Church-school membership rose from 4,935 to 5,408, and average attendance from 2,581 to 2,725.

Social action—The conference voted to support legislation prohibiting liquor service on airlines and interstate liquor advertising, to stand against use of liquor at wedding receptions for church members, to ask churches to eliminate games of chance from their financial and social programs, to support extension of reciprocal trade agreements, to study "right-to-work" laws, to urge dissolution of the Central Jurisdiction as soon as possible, to call for a ban on nuclear weapons testing, to commend the Japanese-American Citizens' League for its proposals on better U.S. Japan relationships but to complain to JACL about its Sunday-morning activities.

Lay Activities—Reported more Methodist Men clubs (now 14), more use of every-member canvass and lay speakers.

Extension—With the Los Angeles Area described as having the greatest concentration of Japanese Americans in the U.S., work is to be started among those in Gardena, with co-operation between West Los Angeles Church and First Church, Gardena.

Personnel changes included:

The Rev. Jutaro Yokoi, 70, retired after 24 years as pastor at San Gabriel Valley Church, El Monte, Calif.

George Nishikawa of Sacramento and Joseph J. Sakakibara of Dinuba-Reedley ordained elders and received in full membership.

Peter Osuga, Sacramento cleaning firm operator, and Mike Morizono, Berkeley editor (West Tenth Church, Oakland), elected chairmen of Issei and Nisei boards of lay activities. Mrs. Keizo Sato, Seattle, elected Issei WSCS president.

Changes in pastoral appointments are:

Florin—Casper Horikoshi
Livingston—Harry Murakami
Oakland—Frederick N. Yasaki
Oxnard—Sadao Masuko
Portland, Nisei—Frank Iritani
Sacramento—George Nishikawa
Seattle, Nisei—Wesley Yamaka
West Los Angeles assistant—Peter Chen

Both Issei lay groups elected new presidents for the coming year—Peter Osuga of Sacramento for the Board of Lay Activities and Mrs. Keizo Sato of Seattle for Woman's Society. Mrs. Sato's husband was Issei lay leader last year.

Increase World Aid

Both conferences of San Francisco Area increased their World Service payments and considerably overpaid their apportionments in 1957-58, according to the national office.

California-Nevada paid $160,000, against its quota of $138,523, while Pacific Japanese Provisional paid $3,325, more than double its $1,611 apportionment.

Eight ministers retired this year from active service that totaled 271 years. From left, with wives seated before their husbands, are J. J. Vieira, Jr., Oscar Swenson, Douglass Decherd, Bishop Donald Tippett, Oral Hesseltine, A. S. Feller, Carl Allen and Homer Bodley. William Linne, retired on disability, not present when picture was taken.

RECENT DEATHS

Auto Accident Fatal

Recent deaths in San Francisco Area have included:

The Rev. William H. Lloyd of Campbell, on July 14. He entered the ministry in 1892 in Detroit Conference, came to California in 1905 and served as chaplain at San Quentin Prison and in several pastorates, prior to retiring in 1937 at Sunnyvale.

Gitaro Ono, lay member from Wesley Church, San Jose, and prominent Issei, was killed June 30 in an auto accident in Montana, while returning from Annual Conference. In the same mishap, the Rev. and Mrs. Francis Hayashi and son Donald of the church were severely injured.

John Grigg, 79, widely known for his many years with the Methodist Publishing House in San Francisco, died June 28 after an extended illness. He was an honorary steward at Mill Valley Church.

Purchase 3rd Campsite

California-Nevada Conference owns another camp ground, its third, thanks to this summer's gift of the Skylandia grounds by Tahoe Summer Conference Association. This is the second site obtained within a year, following purchase of White Sulphur Springs last August. Mt. Shasta is the other conference-owned camp.

All are operated by California-Nevada Methodist Camps, Inc, headed by the Rev. Kenneth D. Miller of Fairfield, with Wilfred A. McCoy, Jr., of St. Paul's Church, South San Francisco, as the camp co-ordinator on the conference staff.

Skylandia, 32 acres and five buildings on the north shore of Lake Tahoe, has been the association's property since 1944. The group of laymen and ministers has developed it to provide a year-around area for Methodist groups.

They estimate more than 15,000 youth have used it.

Valued at $175,000, the property includes a lodge, winterized dormitory, shower building and two cottages. For summer camping it has a capacity of 150 persons.

By July 15, an even dozen of this summer's conference camping periods had been closed to registration, well ahead of schedule, according to the Board of Education.

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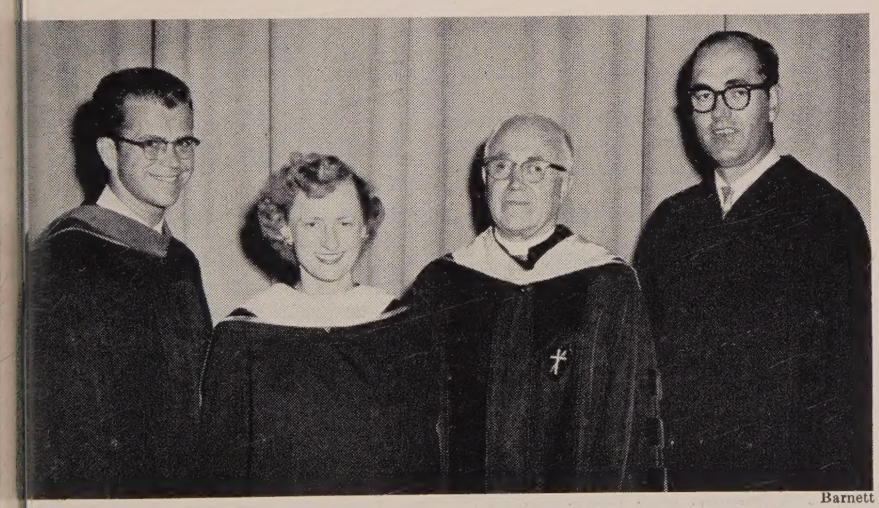
San Francisco Area Edition—Bishop Donald H. Tippett. Editor: Winston H. Taylor, 83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

dicated on June 22, the new Highland Park Church, Spokane, housed the 1958 anese Conference during the following week. Here Bishop Tippett was giving Sunday morning sermon in the sanctuary, whose striking nave features natural wood.

Megumi Imada (right), former president of Kwansei Gakuin University who introd William James's psychology to Japan, visited San Francisco recently with Mrs. da. His host was a Kwansei graduate, the Rev. Isaac Inouye, Issei pastor in keley and San Francisco. Imada was returning from the international Rotary con- tion. He headed preparations for the 1958 World Convention on Christian Education.



Barnett

ee certified directors of Christian education were consecrated at this year's erence. From left to right are Donald Bissett of Millbrae, Virginia Curtis of ral Church, Stockton, Bishop Tippett, and Francis Wagner of Santa Clara Church.

Youths in Peace Talks

For the second year, a recent conference youth president will be the speaker for the annual series of conference youth rallies.

George Carter of Temple Church, San Francisco, who was 1955-56 president of Conference Wesley Fellowship, will lead the gatherings on the theme of "The Peace We Seek." Carter is a student at Boston University School of Theology, serving this year at Yosemite in the national parks ministry.

The evening rallies are scheduled to open Sept. 7 at Temple-San Francisco and proceed to Vallejo on Sept. 8, Lockport, Sept. 9; Eureka, Sept. 10; Mt. Shasta, Sept. 11; Corning, Sept. 13; Chester, Sept. 14; Grace-Yuba City, Sept. 15; Winnemucca, Nev., Sept. 17; Sparks, Sept. 18; Lodi, Sept. 20; Rio Linda, Sept. 21; Livingston, Sept. 22; Reedley, Sept. 23; First-Bakersfield, Sept. 24; First-Santa Cruz, Sept. 25; First-Palo Alto, Sept. 27; and Eighth Avenue-Oakland, Sept. 28.

Work Camps

Many young people are spending the summer in camps and work projects. In addition to those reported in the July issue, these include:

A work camp at the Round Valley Indian Mission, Covelo, Calif., where 22 youth finished the sanctuary in plywood and celotex, built an altar and signs, installed lights and cleared grounds. Leader was the Rev. David Wolf of Los Altos.

Twenty-one Methodists were reported working in the interdenominational Christian Youth Fruit Camp, near Hughson.

Miss Carol Hume of San Jose Wesley Foundation worked in a community service project at Seattle, Miss Elizabeth Ann Lueck of Fair Oaks in an "inner city" parish project in Boston, and Miss Lois Yvonne Farum of San Jose Wesley Foundation in a neighborhood house project at Calexico, Calif.

Bishop to Arrive Aug. 18

Bishop Tippett is due to arrive Aug. 18 in Alameda at the close of a five-weeks good will tour to South America, as one of a party invited by the State and Navy Departments.

He was scheduled to return here aboard the air craft carrier USS Ranger, being transferred to the Pacific fleet.

Coming weeks on the bishop's schedule include cabinet meeting Aug. 21, lectures at pastors' schools in Memphis Conference Aug. 25-28 and Georgia Sept. 1-5.

Conference Council Meet

The new Conference Council authorized by the 1958 session of California-Nevada Conference will have its first meeting Sept. 11-12, in conjunction with that of the Council of Administrators, at White Sulphur Springs Methodist Camp, with Bishop Tippett presiding.

RIDING . . .

THE CIRCUIT

Golden wedding anniversaries observed in June included those of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Peterson of Kingsburg Church on June 10 and Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. McIntyre on June 17. Supt. and Mrs. Elliott L. Fisher of San Jose District celebrated their 30th anniversary on June 20.

Consulting in preparation of two General Board of Education manuals for engaged couples is the Rev. Howard C. Busching of First Church, Reno. He also contributed to the recent "Marriage Counseling Handbook" of American Association of Marriage Counselors and is to address the annual meeting of the National Council of Family Relations at Eugene, Ore., Aug. 20-23.

Participants in a July tour of Western Europe, sponsored by the General Board of World Peace, include Mr. and Mrs. Franklin C. Stark of First Church, Oakland.

Several California-Nevada youth are spending this summer abroad as exchange students or in special projects. They include Judy Fisher of St. Mark's Church, Bakersfield, in Finland; Les Nichols of Burlingame, where he is high school student body president; Lorraine Olberg of Grace Church, Oakland, the Netherlands; Renzel of First Church, San Jose, in Switzerland; Bob Shepard of San Leandro, in Germany; Kay Thunemann of Parkwood Church, South San Francisco, in the Netherlands.

Miss Lillian Wallace, Conference WSCS missionary in India, has recovered sufficiently from an illness of several weeks to return to her work at Isabelle Thoburn College in Lucknow.

Recent weddings in California-Nevada have included the following: On May 31, J. Wesley Collins, church-school superintendent at Burlingame, and Miss Mary Scott, who has been the church's director of education. Earl W. Saunders, who has assisted at several churches as a seminarian, and Caroline Cooper of First Church, Oakland, were married June 7. Two secretaries with the Conference Board of Education were married in July—Sandra Jones to Watt W. Kaster on July 12 at Walnut Creek, and Martha Kostal to Warren Gustafson on July 27 at Central Church, San Francisco.

A part-time position as administrative assistant at Cambrian Park Church has been taken by James E. Huntley, former Yuba City supply pastor.

District Convocations Set

Seven district Convocations on Local Church Evangelism are slated for Sept. 22-Oct. 3 in California-Nevada, as a follow-up of July's national convocation on the same theme, in Washington, D. C. Ten persons represented San Francisco Area.

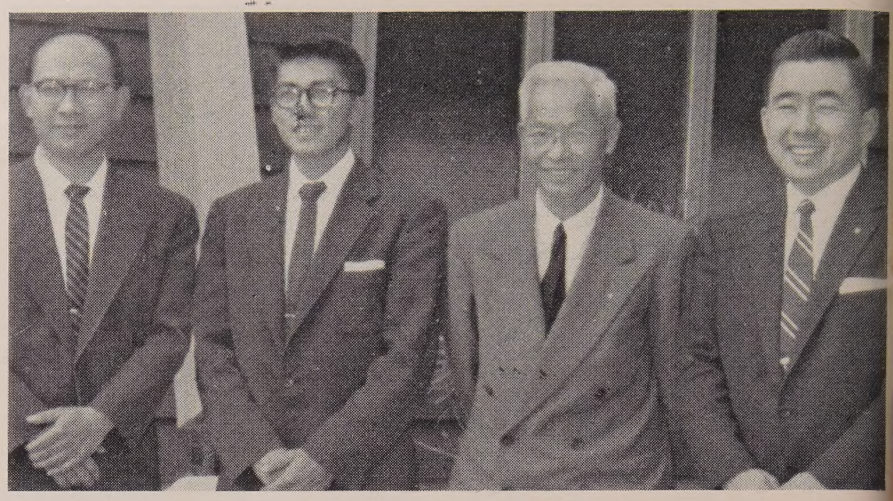
Through the convocations, the conference board plans to provide concentrated help for local church commissions on evangelism in motivation, methods, and aids for their task.

In the meetings Bishop Tippett will team up with the Rev. G. Ernest Thomas of the department of spiritual life, General Board of Evangelism.

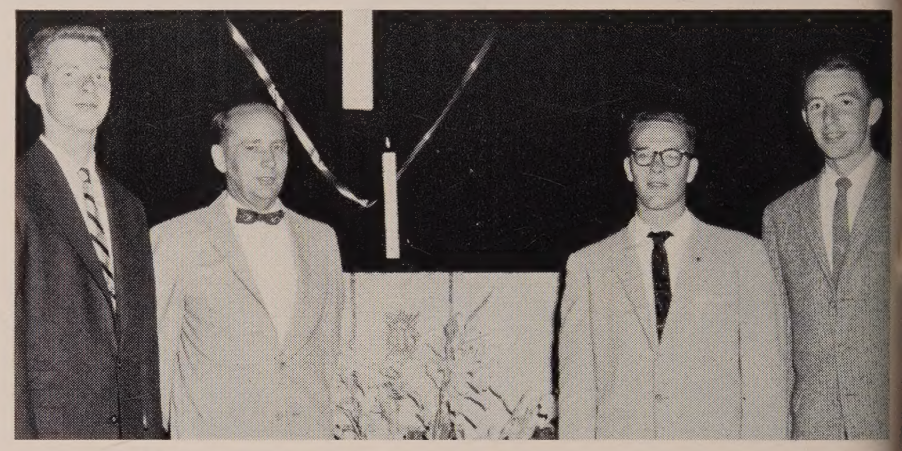
Sessions will open at 4 p.m.

Those who attended the Washington, D. C., convocation, at which Bishop Tippett was one of the devotional speakers, included:

The Rev. William C. Dyer of Roseville, conference board chairman; the Rev. Elmer Schmitt of Montclair Church, Oakland, chairman of the board's spiritual life committee; Baldwin; the Rev. Sigmund Schade of Epworth Church, San Francisco; the Rev. Willard Banghart of Red Bluff; Miss Jackie Dewell of First Church, Hayward, conference MYF Christian witness mission chairman; Lee Gallaher of Kingsburg, Fresno District MYF president; the Rev. Lester Suzuki and June Kako, both of Berkeley United Church, representing Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference.



These men took the personal limelight at the 1958 Japanese Conference. From left are Joseph J. Sakakibara of Reedley, ordained elder; Robert Yamashita of San Jose, first Sansei (third generation) to begin study for ministry; Jutaro Yokoi of El Monte, retired after 24 years; George Nishikawa of Sacramento, ordained elder. Sakakibara and Nishikawa also were received into full conference membership.



Leaders of California-Nevada youth are shown following the annual officer installation at Stockton June 14. From left are Allan Van Lehn of Los Altos, chairman of Conference Youth Administrative Committee; Robert J. Cary, conference director of youth and student work; Jim Lynn of Burlingame and Dick Ernst of Temple-San Francisco, presidents of Methodist Youth and Wesley Fellowships, respectively.

A Bell for Ho Tee

Under the slogan of "A bell for Ho Tee," students of Pacific School of Religion and others have sent a bell to call worshipers to the Methodist mission church in Sibu, Sarawak.

The bell is a special item for Ho Tee Ling, a young Chinese from Sarawak who received his Master of Arts degree from PSR in 1955 and returned to his homeland.

A letter disclosing that Ho Tee had cancer and was given only a year to live, plus the fact that his church had a tower but no bell, led the seminary students to secure a 300-pound ship's bell and send it to Sarawak, with the aid of Navy friends.

op Francis Asbury came to America in 1771. He traveled
0 miles a year, mostly on horseback, for 44 years and visited
y state in the new Union, not once but many times. In this scene,
ted especially for TOGETHER by Charles Hargens, he has just arrived
Pennsylvania village while on his way south to Virginia and Tennessee.
ury preached wherever he could; he was a major organizer of Methodism in
erica; he met hardships and dangers. Yet, near the end of his days, he wrote
is Journal; "What is the toil of beating over rocks, hills, mountains
deserts . . . ? Nothing; when we reflect it is done for God, for Christ . . . "
the amazing story of this remarkable man, turn to page 32.

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He'll Make Good! —"Part of the secret of success in life is to eat what you like and let the food fight it out inside."

—MARK TWAIN

Selected Bits from Your Letters

ples' Aid Prayer Meeting

. L. S. CARUTHERS
lia, Miss.

ntly I collected Sune Richards' s of *The Twelve Disciples* and ed them. I am using them in our group meetings and other church Your magazine is wonderful, and ly a big help to us with our re- programs.

Disciples *appeared in the October, sue—and we're still getting letters them! (Framable reprints are le from the Methodist Publishing at $1.50 a set.) Mrs. Richards ne a special new series on of the Bible. Look for it in De-.*—EDS.

Control Is Up to UN

LY LEY, *Scientist*
on Heights, N.Y.

rding those legal questions about raised in *Who Should Own the* [May, page 12], everything now printed can only serve to explore idity of reasoning. At one point will have to be an international nce for the purpose of making ng convention out of this reason- ! see it, the main problem right whether or how the UN comes is.

ey is, as many readers recognize, the world's foremost authorities ets and space travel.—EDS.

ed: Service for Moon Man

. H. E. WILDER
le, Wash.

e been trying to prepare a wor- rvice suitable for the man or reach the moon, but have not ccessful. I wonder if your read- uld care to make suggestions. (I xpect ever to be on the moon, e played with the idea just for of it.)

Scripture? What hymns? Per- iginal ones. What statement in a

gon Sways Chaplains?

RLES RIDGE
nnati, Ohio

our Son's Been Called Up! [May, 3] is thought-provoking. I don't condemn the author's point of view, but I heartily disagree with him.

The chaplain says that the years spent in the armed services are toward the future security of the world. This reflects the penetrating power of the Pentagon propaganda machine.

Let's face the brutal facts. It would go rough with a chaplain in the armed forces who came out and said that there is a better way than military might and force to approach the problems of the free world . . . Chaplain McAfee conveys the impression that although it's too bad that we must use military might, it is a necessary evil. I believe, as a Christian, that anything evil is not a necessity.

Teen-agers Agree 95%

MRS. O. CARTER SOMERS
Pennsauken, N.J.

The junior intermediate fellowship of our MYF particularly appreciates *Teens Together*. My husband and I are counselors to this wonderful age group and once each month we moderate a discussion based on that feature. It is encouraging to find that these young people manage to come up with a solution identical to Dr. Barbour's about 95 per cent of the time.

Teddy Roosevelt . . . Many Sided

HERMANN HAGEDORN, *Director*
Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Commission, New York City

Theodore Roosevelt was always interested in American youth and eager to encourage those who showed promise—which he did in effective fashion, as your article, *Boy Meets Teddy* [May, page 17], indicates. We are always grateful for stories that bring to light different facets of his many-sided personality.

How Shep Helped—Children!

MRS. GLENN I. HARRIS
Montana School for Deaf and Blind
Great Falls, Mont.

The Faith of Shep [May, page 25] has meant a great deal to the students of this school.

Shep: By his fidelity, aid to children.

E. L. Shields, a Great Northern conductor, watched Shep's faithful vigil. Knowing how interested train passengers were, he published a booklet to benefit the children.

Charles Barnhard, a railroad employee, sold the booklet on tourist trains as they passed the statue of Shep at Fort Benton. Profits over the years, amounting to several thousand dollars, have bought playground equipment and have done much to make a home away from home for the children.

However, that was only a beginning. Others became interested and the fund has grown, through gifts, bequests of wheat ranches, and memorials, until the income covers a wide range, from toys for the six-year-olds, to trips for the high-school students and scholarships for the college students.

Through the faith of Shep, indeed, much else has been added.

Deplores 'Suicidal' Thinking

MARK A. CHAMBERLIN
Gresham, Ore.

It was with great regret that I noted the *Barnabas* review of *Masters of Deceit* [May, page 52] by J. Edgar Hoover Your reviewer has done a great disservice to The Methodist Church, to Christianity, and to the nation, failing to understand not only Hoover but the whole present climate of McCarthy hysteria which has been in the nation since the end of World War II.

There may be some lessons for Christians in this book as your reviewer suggests. One of these certainly is that Methodists and all Christians should be more diligent in attempting to understand something of the people and the forces that for the last 10 years or more have brought America and the world to the brink of war through the consistent development of the idea that we cannot get along with Communist Russia and that Communist Russia is all evil, our number-one enemy. It is this kind of thinking and writing that will lead us surely into a suicidal war. . . .

Klamath Indians in Trouble

HAROLD E. FEY, *Editor*
The Christian Century
Chicago, Ill.

Please accept my congratulations on your June issue. I particularly appreciated the articles and pictures having to do with the American Indians, and I thank you especially for the stirring plea of Oliver La Farge that the Christian people of this country try to help the Indians save their land and tribal organizations [*What's Ahead for the American Indian?* June, page 21].

The same mail that brought this appeal in your excellent paper carried a news release from the Bureau of Indian Affairs stating that three fourths of the

"At Chicago Temple, our magnificent carillon is a priceless asset . . ."

DR. CHARLES RAY GOFF, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church of Chicago

From the towering belfry of Chicago Temple, the music of the NEW WORLD CARILLON inspires thousands daily and calls hundreds to worship on Sunday in Chicago's busy Loop.*

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**An actual 6-week survey revealed that the carillon was the major attraction for the average of 2,000 Sunday worshipers at the Temple.*

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CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

Indians on the Klamath reservation in Oregon have asked that the reservation be broken up and that they be given their proportionate share of the worth of its rich timber and grazing resources. This will mean sudden wealth and early demoralization for the people, for most of them are not prepared to manage family shares which may run from $200,000 to $300,000. It will also probably mean the devastation of a large area in south Oregon, because purchasers of individual plots of forest land will have no way to realize their costs except to slash all the timber.

This is only one episode in a vast process which may easily create an enormous human tragedy. La Farge describes an attitude and policy which have more hope than any other of preventing a great disservice.

Poetic Salute to John Wesley

ROBERT T. MEANS, *Assoc. Pastor*
La Marque, Tex.

Seeing Floyd Johnson's water color of the John Wesley statue at City Road Chapel [July, page 37], I'm reminded of my visit there. It was an inspiration and resulted in the following poem about John Wesley.

A little man
He taught his people the bigness of God
And led them to Calvary.
Denied the pulpit,
He preached to the multitudes on the hills
And in the market place.
They laughed at him and called him "Methodist,"
But his serenity calmed them
And he taught them the ways of God
Until their hearts were strangely warmed.

Flags Are Reminders . . .

MRS. LELAND W. KIKER
Albany, Tex.

I wish to answer Mrs. John R. Alyea's letter [June, page 5] about displaying flags in churches.

What better place to make clear the connection between God and country under which this country operates? Displaying a Christian and an American flag in church brings to us the recognition that *this* nation recognizes God!

Not a Fan-Letter Writer, But—

MRS. ONA JACKSON
Williamsville, N.Y.

I am a busy mother of four and have a good, good husband to look after. I say sincerely I make time to read TOGETHER almost from cover to cover and then pass it to a friend. I have never written a fan letter before, but I sure like your magazine.

Hopes, Prayers From Ireland

ALBERT HOLLAND, *Gen. Secy.*
Methodist Home Missions
Dublin, Ireland

My wife, my family, and myself are finding great interest in your wonderful magazine. We are hoping and praying that you will reach not only the million circulation for which you are striving, but that in all the homes of Methodism your magazine may be a interest and influence.

Husband Is Pumpkin Man!

MRS. CLARENCE SCHWALBACH
Houston, Tex.

I am writing about a picture of my husband in *Countryside U.S.A.* [June, page 35]. He is the man with a pipe in his mouth receiving a pumpkin from a woman on page 41.

My husband worked there at the Circleville, Ohio, Fair. We were certainly surprised to see his picture in a magazine. We moved to Houston from Wadsworth, Ohio, about 18 months ago.

Lovely Food . . . Fine Family

MRS. T. W. FISHER
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

In *Countryside U.S.A.* you have a lovely picture of an American family eating at a table loaded with wonderful food. I had the pleasure of eating at that table myself about 35 years ago!

Trieloffs: A picture recalls happy days.

The family members in the picture on page 42 are the Clarence Trieloffs of Ft. Atkinson, Wis. They belonged to my father's church, the Evangelical Lutheran, a few miles from Ft. Atkinson, and he baptized the young mother in your picture. I held her on my lap when I was with my father making a call.

India Welcomes 'Wicked Flea'

MARIAN B. HALL, M.D.
Madar Union Sanatorium
Ajmer, Rajasthan, India

U.S. trash cans are full of articles we could use here in India. When I am home, I have an almost irresistible de-

to retrieve all the lovely bottles would prove so useful in the nsary work of our mobile unit. wever, I never saw TOGETHER in a can! This magazine is much too to throw away and maybe all readers keep them. But if they , may I ask them to wrap them up address them to Drs. Sherwood and an B. Hall, Madar Union Sana- m, Ajmer, Rajasthan, India. r patients would love the pictures. THER is a much more wholesome duction to the U.S. than some of ecular magazines which emphasize ides that good Methodists decry. indebted to *The Wicked Flea.* It s gets a joyous reaction—and we to laugh out here.

Methodist—But More!

S. J. P. WEATHERFORD
lley, Tex.

at TOGETHER is a most outstanding cation has been wonderfully dem- ated by the reactions of several ds of other denominations. At least Southern Baptist friends have so impressed with it that they are ribing. Such comments as: "It's ost professional church magazine," illustrations are so beautiful," stories and articles are great" are non.

e thought came to me that this is than a midmonth magazine for odist families. It's truly a mid- h magazine for Christian families for all families.

More Bathroom Poetry

NIFRED J. MOTT
burn, N.Y.

eading *Letters* [April, page 3], ice one dealing with bathroom . I have hand-lettered and many "mottoes." One of the ar ones was for a bathroom:

so many towels need to use?
chow, I doubt it.
ks ye bathtub would look well,
out a ring about it.
e not to linger after
ablutions all are through.
here are others, friend, ye know,
o need this bathroom, too.

h . . . a Door for the Soul

S. GRACE PERRILL
ina, Kan.

y I take exception to the protest st Norman Vincent Peale's *Where Our Loved Ones After Death?* ch, page 9], as expressed in the by G. C. Gridley [May, page 3]? death an evil? Who, having cared beloved invalid through years of ring, can fail to recognize death as nd when it comes to set a valiant free from its worn-out "house of

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clay"? What other door have you found through which the soul may pass in leaving this world? All must die. The God of love has made ample provision for making that door a triumphal entry into life eternal. As for the bereaved, there is no bitterness when the Comforter is sought and welcomed.

Choir . . . 'Not Entertainers'

LOUISE D. MILLER
St. Joseph, Mo.

As a lifelong Methodist, I enjoyed the June issue especially because of the picture of F. Dudleigh Vernor [*Unusual Methodists,* page 16], whom I knew at Bay View, Mich., and William C. McCulloch's provocative note regarding time-beating directors [*Letters,* page 3].

In my 30 years as choir director, I have directed once in front of the congregation at a Christmas vespers—never in a regular service.

My answer is, well-planned, thorough rehearsals by a devoted volunteer choir and a fine organist. We are a part of the worship service, not entertainers.

Put Director in a Pit?

MRS. L. E. KNEIPP
Shreveport, La.

I agree with William C. McCulloch that it is "annoying and distracting" for worshipers to see a choir director beating time. However, many Methodist choirs are composed of volunteers without musical training. They need to see a director beating time, bringing them in and indicating expression.

May I suggest an idea being used in our First Church? The choir loft has a pit in the front for the organ and the director, who is visible only to choir members.

Should Directors Nibble Nails?

ALFRED MERTEN
Garner, Iowa

Although I am not a choir director, I am a member of a Methodist choir and understand a director's problems.

Would William C. McCulloch like it better if the director sat biting his nails while the singers and organist enjoyed the separate errors of their ways? It is not necessary for the director to wave his arms like a windmill. But a well directed choir should inspire the congregation and glorify God.

He Does It With Mirrors!

ARTHUR S. MANN
Industrial Engineer
Tucson, Ariz.

We at First Methodist Church of Tucson do not feel that all choir directors must beat as W. C. McCulloch believes in his letter. It is our good fortune to have as director John McCoy, who has worked out a system to permit the singers across the chancel to see the organist-director (the console is raised 18 inches). Installation of mirrors on the far chancel wall provides director-singer visibility on the console side.

It is surprising how little direction a well-rehearsed, alert choir needs.

Directing or Communicating?

AUSTIN C. LOVELACE
Minister of Music
First Methodist Church
Evanston, Ill.

William C. McCulloch's letter reveals the widespread and erroneous concept held by many laymen of the choir director's work.

The director is not directing "to be seen of men," but to be seen of the choir so its members know exactly what is expected of them. The director is not "beating time"—he is giving cues for entrances by various voices at different times, cues for starting and stopping together, changes in speed and volume, warnings of difficult spots, and, in general, is interpreting the score. Anyone can learn to beat time—this is not choir conducting. True conducting is an art of communication.

Perhaps Mr. McCulloch would be surprised to learn that in the Temple of the Old Testament not only was the director seen, he was also heard. He directed the choir by playing cymbals!

Alas, Poor Ole!

TULLY KNOLES, *Chancellor*
College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

Sorry I have no secretary and must address you with my old arthritic fingers. We are all delighted that you

Knoles and Ole: Death parts partners

put Ole (my horse) and me in the gallery of *Unusual Methodists* (February, page 19). Ole passed away at 25, but I (at age 81) am still riding about three times a week.

ogether / NEWSLETTER

ALLED BEST ANSWER TO CRISIS. As Middle East crisis ated up, several Protestant churchmen urged this untry to work through UN. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, esident, Methodist Board of World Peace, said U.S. licy should be guided by UN's sanction and action. he U.S. is not rich enough to be a perennial Santa aus, or powerful enough to be a perpetual policeman," added. And Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg, president, National uncil of Churches, urged governments to make "maximum e" of the UN and all channels of peaceful settlement.

METHODISTS OVER-ORGANIZED? Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, wa Area, warns pastors and district superintendents t to make Methodist machinery an end in itself. nough more efficient," he says, "we are less democratic an many other denominations. An individualist will unhappy and frustrated in our church. We have a ndency to overlook the value of anything that has no mediate cash return. And many Methodist ministers ow their Conference minutes better than they know the ble. Can you name one outstanding Methodist eologian? We are too busy doing things."

DISTS ADDRESS TOKYO CONVENTION. Four major addresses the World Convention on Christian Education this nth in Tokyo were by Methodists: Bishop Shot K. ndol, Delhi, India; Prof. G. Baez-Camargo, Mexican ucator; the Rev. John Havea, former Crusade Scholar the Tonga Islands, and Dr. Gerald E. Knoff, executive the National Council of Churches. About 150 U.S. thodists attended.

H COLLEGE SALARIES STILL LOW. Church-related vate colleges have boosted faculty salaries 13 per nt in the last two years. But they still pay far less an other institutions of higher learning, according the National Education Association. Median salary at all schools is $4,610, up $529 over 1956, and at large nools (over 1,000), $5,344, up $588. State univer- ties now have a median salary of $6,370.

R SUNDAY MESSAGE. To be read from many Protestant lpits on Sunday, Aug. 31, a message from the National uncil of Churches stresses: the basic right of every n to "protection against unemployment," the struggle some unions to rid their ranks of racketeers, and a ll for better labor-management relations. On the rruption issue, it praises new efforts by AFL-CIO adership to oppose unethical practices shown to exist several unions.

(*More church news, page 66*)

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"You know how it is when you're busy. You just keep going. But suddenly I found that it took more and more effort to do everyday things. And at night I was so keyed up I couldn't fall asleep for thinking of what had to be done tomorrow.

"Finally I went to the doctor. He said perhaps I was 'over-coffeed' and explained that some people just can't tolerate all the coffee they drink. He suggested I drink Postum instead because Postum is 100% caffein-free . . . can't wear on your nerves or keep you awake.

"And I'm really enjoying Postum. More so because I sleep so much better, feel so much better—and get more things done."

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Between an atom locked deep in the eternal hills, and another which ists in the heart of a flaming sun, a bereaved nan discovers the reassuring hand of God.

I See God in the Rocks and Stars

By ERNA CLARK

AS I LAY on my camp cot that night, despair and loneliness gripped my heart. This wild California desert and mountain country had meant so much to my husband and me. Now he was no longer here to share it.

Overhead, thousands of stars blazed like gems on a velvet field dotted by a few fluffy clouds. Nearby loomed the silent mountains where we had loved to dig together for gem stones and colorful rocks.

Since my husband's death weeks before, I had been unable to relax. Tension built up; I could hardly sleep. A six-year-old niece, who stayed with me for about a week after the funeral, told other relatives:

"I'm taking care of my Aunt Erna now. Since Uncle Doc died, all she's got is rocks!"

Yes, rocks—and stars.

Now, at the insistence of friends who sought therapy for my sorrow, I had returned to both. The stars, I knew, are giant suns flaring in the depths of endless space. They're the most awe-inspiring examples of God's handiwork. Yet, I thought, the pieces of agate and jasper I had found that afternoon are as much a part of the divine plan as the great galaxy of Andromeda or the nebula in Orion. The very earth in which I had dug all day was part of a perfect creation.

Suddenly, as I reflected on the beauty and timelessness of rocks and stars, another thought struck me. My cares and my sorrow were as nought in a limitless universe; yet, God did care and he would sustain me.

Then it was, without realizing it, that I slipped into a deep sleep—the first sound one in many weeks. I awoke the next morning to singing in the camp, to the aroma of coffee, and one of the most gorgeous desert sunrises I have ever seen.

Since that day I have continued with renewed interest and inspiration the hobby of rock collecting and astronomy. More than before, I see God in rocks and stars. When I unearth a beautiful rock, I contemplate the aeons it took to produce it by the processes and laws of the Master Craftsman. Once I found an agate which, when cut, revealed a perfect replica of a wind-swept tree. Perhaps someday I'll find a design as unusual as that discovered in agate by a Montana woman—the Nativity, complete with Joseph, Mary, and Babe!

While rock collecting has helped me feel closer to my Creator, it serves also as a fascinating hobby. I fashion paperweights and book ends out of rocks and give them away. I make ring and bracelet sets, realizing that these beautiful stones will outlast the hand that holds them—that down through the coming ages they can continue to give joy to others. Once I even fashioned a "Dinner of Rocks," consisting of rocks and minerals resembling foods.

Yes, in rocks and stars I find surprises and wonders at every turn. But one of the great rewards comes at the end of the day as I sit around a campfire, singing hymns with fellow collectors. Then I feel a new closeness to nature, God, and my fellow man.

4 Great Enemies of Time

By ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

THE FIRST and perhaps the greatest enemy of time, which many of us must fight every day of our lives, is Procrastination. It is one of the most common human failings. But it is a habit that must be cured if we ever hope to assume control of our time and make the best use of our energy.

Whenever we put off doing something until we "have the time" we are dulling the cutting edge of our lives. We will never "have the time."

That sterling copybook maxim, "Procrastination is the thief of time," needs to be restricted in modern form to attract our attention. Happily an anonymous writer has done this in a picturesque sentence: "The greatest stumbling block in the path of most men is not laziness or fear but a tight-skirted, low-necked, sultry-voiced, diamond-bedecked, perfume-scented vamp called 'Tomorrow.'"

We make bold plans—and then wait until Tomorrow to start carrying them out. We think and plan and draw mental pictures of the fine things we are going to do—and then put off doing them until Tomorrow. The days and weeks pass, the months slip by, but Tomorrow never arrives.

The cold, hard fact is that all of Tomorrow is not worth 10 minutes of Today.

We wear ourselves out, wasting both our time and our energy, carrying the load of unstarted tasks or projects which we might complete in a few hours—perhaps in a few minutes—if only we would begin them.

The most effective technique for overcoming this insidious habit is a two-step process as simple as it is positive in its results. It is based on the fact that Procrastination is largely a matter of indecision.

The indecision may be due to the fact that our imagi nations conjure up difficulties or obstacles that are no there at all. More often, however, we are indulging i the lazy habit of mentally picturing ourselves doing th thing with greater ease at some later time.

The first step in curing ourselves of indecision is t take a minute or two to determine just what is involve in the doing before we postpone the chore or task. Thi tiny time investment will often save us hours, even days of the mental energy of carrying a load of unfinishe business.

The second step is to say: I am going to decide righ now exactly when I will do this thing.

This is the Decision Technique, and it is an effec tive specific for curing Procrastination. We may decid to do it at once, which is usually the simplest and easies course. But if we do not, then we should compel ourselve to decide: I will do this at eight o'clock this evening, o I will do this before lunch, or, I will do this at ten o'cloc tomorrow morning. Or at some other definite time.

It is amazing how simple it is to get at a task if w make a definite commitment to ourselves for a definit time, rather than merely promising ourselves to do "later on" or "when I have more time."

Having set a definite time, we can then go about ou other affairs with a free mind. But we must police Pro crastination sternly by making ourselves stick to ou bargain when that time comes. Actually, the policin is not too difficult. As an ex-procrastinator, I find I tak a grim satisfaction in making myself come through o schedule. Or, when I find myself starting to set a late time for doing something, I say to myself, "Oh bother- why not do it now and get it out of the way?"

Condensed from the book, All the Time You Need, *by Robert R. Updegraff, © 1958 by Prentice-Hall, Inc.*

second common enemy of time is that mirage —Sometime. This is a fair-promise word that lulls to thinking we are going to do things which we never "get around to," but which hang over us and me a bit of mental energy every time we think of

metime-itis" is a special form of procrastination often involves major projects or undertakings by s of which we expect to open a new chapter in our or make progress along a new path.

ne people promise themselves to write a story or k, but never get at it. Some promise themselves bark on a special course of study, or change to a ob in a field closer to their natural interest, or take abroad, or take music lessons, or join a church, a home—to mention but a few of the "Sometime which people make so easily but so often fail to out.

enever we catch ourselves making "Sometime" ses, we will do well to check ourselves with a per- one-word question: When?

answer may be "Now" or it may be "Never." But uld not continue to be "Sometime."

ess important matters, such as capitalizing on our action is the most effective antidote for "Some-

rge M. Cohan, one of the great theatrical pro- of yesterday, was a man who had no use for the "Sometime." He put his ideas to work at once. If the inspiration for a new song, likely as not it be sung in one of his shows that very night. Such e story of his famous World War I song, *Over* The germ idea came to him one morning. He ht down and dashed off the words. By afternoon ng was in rehearsal. That night it was sung in adway show. It swept the world!

e song had not caught on, it would have been buried—without tears. George M. Cohan could failure, but he refused to clutter his life with r ideas to be tried out "Sometime."

rd common enemy of time is Excuse—the habit sing our inaction. During the course of our lives, us waste much more time explaining why we t yet got around to doing things than it would ken to do them.

summer, as an experiment, I kept count of the of times one neighbor explained to me and eighbors why he had not been able to find time up a birdhouse which he had purchased two s before but never unwrapped.

afternoon, after listening to him for the 18th evote at least five minutes to elaborate self-justifi- I suggested: "Let me help you put it up—right

right," he agreed. Actually, I didn't help at all, erely watched and timed him. To locate the pack- et tools and a stepladder from the cellar, hang dhouse in a tree, and return the tools and step- to the cellar, took him just 18 minutes!

culous, of course. But probably not a day passes lives of any of us that we do not spend more time explaining why we haven't done something than it would have taken us to do it. Every time we indulge in such explanations we are merely confessing to ourselves —and to the world at large—that we have not learned to manage our time.

Conversely, every time we substitute action for explanation and get some task behind us, we increase the value of the minutes and hours that follow. Furthermore, we build our sense of self-respect, which in itself contributes importantly to more effective use of our time and gives us firmer control of our lives.

A fourth great enemy of time is Regretting. Of all the senseless wastes of time and mental energy, Regretting is probably the least excusable.

"Finish each day and be done with it," wrote Emerson. "You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense."

There is not one of us whose life could not, if we would let it, become cumbered with our old nonsense.

The late Cyrus H. K. Curtis believed that blunders, mistakes, regrets, and disappointments should be written off at bedtime each night so that, upon awakening, one would face a fresh page of life, clean and inviting. He compressed his philosophy into four words: "Yesterday ended last night."

One day I lunched with a man who had retired several years ago with a fortune of more than $30 million. The depression that started in 1929 had wiped it out. Literally, he had been broke, and was forced to take a job with his old company, starting all over again on a modest salary.

That luncheon was one of the most stimulating experiences I have ever had. My ex-millionaire guest passed over his lost fortune with a sentence: "I enjoyed it while I had it, but I'm having such a good time today that I never even think about it." Then he plunged into his plans for the next 10 years. This at an age when most men are through!

The person of mature mind knows that every day spent with Regretting is a day wasted. Life cannot be lived retroactively. When an experience is passed, it is beyond recall. We can learn from it, but we cannot correct it. And even if we could, none of us is wise enough to be sure, at the time, that the experience which upset us really is unfortunate. It may, in fact, be good fortune in disguise. Often when we look back on some piece of ill-fortune we see that it worked out to our advantage. So why should we ever waste any of our time or energy of the spirit with Regretting?

One of the sanest men I know has what he calls his 22-Minute Rule for Forgetting. Whenever he suffers a disappointment, big or little, or makes a mistake, he applies his rule and allows himself just 22 minutes—and I've seen him consult his wrist watch—to forget it, write it off, bury it.

"We waste enough time and energy every year with senseless Regretting," he declares whimsically, "to write a book or wash a whole herd of elephants!"

These prisoners may have a bad time but . . .

They Wear the 'Yoke' Behind Walls

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

ONE MAN was a light-skinned Negro, the next a Caucasian with an alcohol-ruined face, the third a youngster with a bitter twist to his mouth. Other blue-denim uniforms in the tiny office of Chaplain Charles F. Paine belonged to a bank robber, a narcotics peddler, a bad-check artist, and an auto thief. Counterfeiters, forgers, rapists, and pimps were listed in correspondence piled high on a desk. All were then, or had been, inmates of McNeil Island federal penitentiary, serving years or decades in these guarded buildings surrounded by blue water and green trees.

The men in the office wore the same uniforms, heavy shoes, and haircuts as the rest of the 1,300 prisoners. Their crimes, on the average, were no less and no greater than the others'. They had received no special attention and had no hope of special rewards. Several had been refused paroles. Backgrounds were varied and their educations ran the gamut from nothing at all to graduate degrees.

But they were definitely different.

A soft-voiced Negro finally spoke for them all. "'Coming to a place like this," he said, "a man goes through A and O—that's 'admission and orientation'—and right then he can see he's in the main stream. There's just two things you can do: go with it like all the others, or make up your mind to go against it, your own way. The main thing these pins mean ——" he touched a small, gold-plated pin in the shape of an ox yoke on his collar——"is that a man's made up his mind to go against the main stream."

It would be difficult to define in a better way the members of the Yokefellows Associates who have accepted its disciplines behind prison walls; some 60 men who, in four years, have promised to lead Christian lives, to pray and to read the Scriptures daily, to attend church services weekly, and to become Christian witnesses.

A definite commitment to Christ in everyday life is never easy. In prison, it demands the courage to speak out, to hold fast against monotony, and to stand firm against ridicule from which a man never can escape, even to privacy.

These men live in 10-man cells or 58-man dormitories. Their Scripture reading must be done while other prisoners play games or boast of their criminal exploits. Their daily prayers must be said while men within hearing tell lewd stories with blistering profanity. Says one Yokefellow: "In a cell, men talk about the big jobs they've pulled, the money they've got buried, women, and the white Cadillacs they're going to have. There just aren't any other subjects."

Nevertheless, the men committed to the Yoke wear their pins and carry their Bibles into these cells and dormitories. Asked about the pin, they explain. Tormented about it, they pray for the tormentors. At least weekly, they meet to pray together, to discuss each other's problems, and to share religious experiences. Thus they have won the respect of other prisoners and some normally suspicious custodial officers.

The idea of having a Yokefellows organization within a prison is the creation of Paine, a young Methodist graduate of Methodist-related Baker University and of Southern Methodist University. A Navy chaplain in World War II, he later served two Minnesota churches, then became chaplain at the Milan, Mich., federal correctional institution. In 1952 he transferred to McNeil Island.

"One of the problems of men in

There are just two things you can do in 'the pen'; go with the vicious stream—or make up your mind to swim against it.

tions," he says, "is that of shar- ay religious experience, of feel- at anyone cares or understands. s need to know other men like lves who desire to believe."

years ago the chaplain ob- permission to hold small meet- The group, at first only three or nen, met simply to discuss their st: religion as a vital force. soon found that when one man ssed his beliefs and problems were strengthened by the ledge that they did not stand Frightening experiences might out to be similar to those of a in the next cell.

ine heard of the national Yoke- ws Associates through a Wash- n address by D. Elton True- professor of philosophy at am College and founder of the ment. Impressed by the idea of groups joining together for a more demanding Christianity, Paine returned to McNeil Island and asked his own group if they would care to study the Yokefellow discipline.

The response was enthusiastic. "It gave the men a symbol for the thing we were trying to accomplish," Paine explains. "We seized on the Yokefellow ideas as a formalization. The men needed just such a thing as a pin to wear and a card to carry to symbolize their commitment to Christ and to the disciplines of Christian living."

Recognizing that sincerity would be the first essential for the program, and that this best could be obtained from the ideas of the men, Paine had the group set its own rules. They were few and simple: no attempt for size would be made, no public announcements or invitations would be given, and no attendance records kept. The result is that a prisoner seeking favorable notice from prison or parole officials can gain nothing by attending meetings. He comes to share in a religious experience, nothing more. Currently, the two Yokefellow groups of about 15 each meet Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoons. To attend, an inmate must forego something else—two hours in the open prison yard, a movie, radio program, or basketball game.

A typical meeting opens with a short inspirational reading, then plunges directly into discussion of an experience or problem by one of the men. For more than an hour, one or several such discussions may go on, seldom interrupted by the chaplain. After nearly two hours, Paine usually leads a short prayer, and one or two of the men add their prayers to his. This simple format is all there is to a Yokefellow meeting.

"What you must realize," says one member, "is that just sitting and talking to somebody interested in the same ideas is the rarest privilege in a prison . . . This Yokefellow meeting is one place, and just about the only place, where I can talk about the things most important to me."

The talk ranges from the painfully simple to the profound. Fairly typical was a statement given by a man soon to be released, explaining what had happened to him behind walls. "When I came here," he said, "it was the most dramatic day of my life. Entering that gate, I made a remark to myself: 'By playing the fool, you've gotten yourself into this. The only thing to do now is to use common sense and get out of it.' Then, for some reason, I began thinking about friends. The word, 'friends,' just kept coming to my mind. I began thinking of those people who at one time I had considered friends. How many of those people did I have now? How many would come to my rescue? I couldn't think of many.

"Then another strange thing happened, and I say it was the work of God. The song, *What a Friend We Have in Jesus,* came into my mind. My mother used to sing that song. I began humming it, sort of, and I seemed to get more out of that than anything else. I made up my mind, 'Well, there's my friend. That's my only friend.' And now this group

getting along Together

●

One Sunday morning as my eight-year-old and I were on our way to church, I noticed that she spoke to several elderly people.

"Honey," I asked finally, "do we know all those people?"

"No, Mother," she answered, "but God wants us to say 'Good Morning,' to old people—it makes them happy."

—Mrs. June Farlow, *Decatur, Ill.*

●

As my family and I prepared to leave the home where we had been dinner guests, our hosts stood up, clasped hands, and invited us to be part of the circle they formed. We did; then, with heads bowed, we all repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison. This was no show for the new pastor, either; I learned later that this family says good-by to all its guests that way.

—Rev. Russell Shivers, *Pleasantville, N.J.*

●

An old lady I know has five grown children, each living far away. Recently she sent each one a pillbox with directions, "Take for relief of nervousness, anxiety, or sleeplessness." Inside were what appeared to be papers filled with medicinal powders, each marked, "Take as many as needed."

Inside each paper, instead of the expected powder, was a Bible verse, suggestions for hymn readings, or personal religious messages, such as, "Just talk to God and let his peace enfold you."

—Mrs. P. H. Horner, *Dublin, Va.*

●

A small girl, sent on an errand by her mother, returned after an unusually long time.

When her mother asked the reason, the girl replied, "I met a friend who had broken her dolly."

The mother asked, "You stopped to help her, then?"

"No," said her daughter. "I stopped to cry with her."

—Mrs. E. McPherson, *Whittier, Calif.*

●

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which brightened a day or lightened a heart. If used, you will receive $5. Contributions cannot be returned.—Eds.

has really done wonders for me."

Another said:

"We are all materialists in this room. We were, or we wouldn't be here. We didn't steal because we wanted to give money to the church. We stole because we wanted it for ourselves. We cannot afford to be materialistic any longer.

"I came into this group with a tongue-in-cheek attitude. I wanted to believe in God. Rather, I believed in God as such, but wanted to find out more about God. I now firmly believe in God. I could not have sustained the shocks of things that have happened to me here had I not had something to cling to, something which is not available in this institution other than in this room and in your own spirit, or in church."

One man shares with the group his fears of losing his family through divorce, another asks their prayers for a cellmate "who's been giving me a bad time about all this." One admits, shamefaced, that a religious discussion in his cell developed into a fight "and I made the hole" (solitary confinement). Still another declares his belief that he finally has alcoholism whipped "after wasting about 40 years of my life." Such are Yokefellow meetings.

Paine is all too familiar with the sudden conversions of men in prison—men who promptly forget their new beliefs when released—and with prison-reform movements which look wonderful for a while, then die unnoticed. He is, therefore, most reluctant to predict anything about the permanent effects of Yokefellow activities. But of some 30 Yokefellows released from prison in these four years, only two have ended in more trouble with the law. The period is too short and the numbers too small for important conclusions; but the figure is in startling contrast to the prison-wide norm: 60 per cent of the men released will be back in prison, many within a few months.

Yokefellows in the Los Angeles area received special permission from probation officers to meet together, despite the general rule against association of parolees. Members of this group have helped other former prisoners get jobs, win battles against alcoholism, and solve family problems. Yokefellows in half a dozen states write often to Paine and, through him, to men still in prison both to show that they have not forgotten and to gain new strength for themselves. Their reports include letters from grateful wives who have found them different from the men who went to prison. Inmates transferred to other prisons write wistfully, missing the Yoke meetings. Released Yokefellows have joined half a dozen different churches, some entering church buildings for the first time with anything more than burglary in mind.

The record has a definite pattern. An Indian bitter and embattled all his life in a Caucasian civilization has learned at last to live even with the neighbors who despise his race; a man who thought the only way to get money was to rob a bank now runs a series of small retail shops; a brilliant alcoholic caught once again by his own weakness stopped just short of being sent back to prison; a veteran of a dozen prisons and jails, although complaining of police harassment and financial difficulties, has been free and out of trouble for two years, the longest period in his adult life. These are the men who have carried the Yoke along when they left prison.

Inside the walls, the meetings continue. There is some study, some prayer, some talking by rusty-voiced men about their problems of the spirit. A long-time troublemaker now wears the Yoke pin and grins when somebody calls him "Happy." A graduate of Alcatraz gratefully receives a pin and a card after months of attending meetings. "I have," he says, "a couple of men in my cell asking me to pray for them now." A brilliant technician, now at the end of a long, tragic road, declares, "I was immature. I wouldn't face my need for God." A stripling who has been in prison more years than he has been old enough to vote, says, "I never grew up. Now I think I have."

So what good can a few meetings do? What difference whether a man agrees to pray daily for himself and others, in a cell or out of it? What can be accomplished by Scripture reading, or church attendance, or a promise to live an active Christian life, when a felon is behind walls?

Asked these questions, Paine is brief.

"I think one thing really is important," he says. "It changes the man."

The help they received they repaid after years had gone by as . . .

A Loan of Honor

By ANDRE MAUROIS

Distinguished French author

VENTY YEARS AGO I enjoyed the friendship of a young married le—both writers. I shall call them Juliette and Pierre Davay, although were not their real names, which I prefer not to disclose. I respected quite as much as I liked them. They were both talented. Pierre was the most cultured men I have ever met. He had written novels and y essays which, although they had brought him little money, had claim from critics of note, who were unanimous in predicting that would become one of the best-known novelists of our day. His wife, e, had published, at the age of 22, a volume of stories so charming iginal that for her, also, a brilliant future was predicted.

hough they were quite poor, I never heard a complaint from them. were bringing up two young children in a tiny apartment, which ad decorated themselves in a most attractive and modern style. 1930 an avalanche of catastrophes descended upon them. The elder children showed signs of lung trouble and had to be sent to the tains. Then Juliette, herself, was obliged to undergo an operation. day on which I visited her at the clinic, Pierre was not present, and dmitted to me that she did not know how they would be able to the surgeon's fee.

turally, I wished to give or advance to them the needed sum of y, but knowing they possessed a Castilian pride, I was at a loss to how to broach the subject. The Davays had never, since I had n them, accepted financial aid, and the thought of "lending" money ch close friends was repugnant to me, since cruel experience had t me that many times such a favor ends in a separation between the f friends.

is comes about, of course, through no one's fault. The friend who ts the loan does so with the best intention of canceling it as quickly ssible; however, should circumstances prevent him, he does not suc- Then, as time goes on, he begins to dread meeting his friend, the

"But you must give your solemn promise that you will . . . give the identical sum to another writer or artist who will, in his turn, make the same pledge."

sight of whom serves to remind him of his obligation—this in spite of the fact that the obliging friend makes no reference to his loan and does his best to give the impression that he has forgotten it, which may indeed be true. To the debtor, however, the remembrance is inexorable, and he begins to avoid his friend rather than being forced to make explanations. A false and unhappy situation!

Not wishing to expose my friends and myself to such a possibility, I said to Juliette:

"You are both embarrassed by the lack of this sum of money which I could give you without the slightest inconvenience, but I know you would not accept it as a gift, and I do not want to offer it as a loan, because I value your friendship too much to run the risk of having a cloud come between us."

"You are quite right," replied Juliette, smiling. "Pierre is so touchy in such matters that it might spoil his pleasure in seeing you. And yet . . ."

"And yet," I said, "it would be stupid to leave you struggling against adversities which poison your life and hamper your work when I could so easily relieve the situation. Here's what I propose: I shall advance the money—not as a gift, but as a loan of honor."

"I thought," she said, "that you considered any kind of loan dangerous."

"Wait," I replied, "it must be understood that you owe me nothing—that in no case, even if you should become wealthy, will you have the right to reimburse me. But you must give your solemn promise that you will, at a time when you are able, and when the occasion presents itself, give the identical sum to another writer or artist who will, in his turn, make the same pledge to pass it on to another."

Juliette's pale face lighted up. "What a splendid idea!" she said. "I know Pierre will accept that. And I guarantee that the pledge will be kept."

Pierre did accept it and I had the pleasure of helping my friends out of a tight spot. Juliette recovered, and soon the child, cured, came back to the family. In literary circles one began to hear much of the novels of Pierre Davay. Two of his books were translated into English. In short, I saw that he was well on the road to success, when in 1939 war was declared. Pierre was an officer in the reserves. He fought courageously and was killed during the retreat of 1940 at the crossing of the Loire. A little monument has since been erected to his memory, near Saumur.

When I returned to France in 1945, I learned that Juliette was still a widow, faithful to the memory of her husband. She had succeeded in bringing up her two children all by herself.

She was managing a magazine devoted to the interests of smart women of the two Americas for which she contributed articles. It was not the type of writing she and Pierre had formerly loved doing, but it paid well. This employment permitted her to put her son and daughter through high school and into a university.

I used to meet her sometimes. "Don't judge my work," she once said, "by what you find me doing now. I am working on something else. You will see."

Sometime later a prominent Parisian editor announced the publication of a novel by Juliette Pierre-Davay. She sent me a copy, and from the first pages I realized what a beautiful book it was. I wrote a glowing review, and I was not alone in my opinion. It found favor not only with the critics, but the general reading public received it with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Some 50,000 or 60,000 copies were sold. This did not mean a fortune, but at least it brought easier living and an assured future, for Juliette had more than one manuscript to offer.

I had completely forgotten the former loan and was surprised recently to find in my mail a letter in Juliette's handwriting. She had written me only once in seven years, and that was to thank me for an article, so I opened the letter with some curiosity.

"Dear Friend," wrote my correspondent, "I have a piece of good news to tell you—a little piece, perhaps, but to me very important. I suppose you no longer remember the day when you came to see me at the clinic in the rue Piccini and the conversation we had in regard to a loan of honor. You may be sure neither Pierre nor I ever forgot the pledge we made to you. Unhappily, up to the time of the war our situation was difficult. When my husband left to rejoin his regiment, we had scarcely enough to live on for more than a few weeks. Then came his death, and I had a hard time filling his place as head of the family. But when my book came out, and was a success, my problems were solved. I could have sent you the remittance last month, but I knew you would not accept it, and that our agreement required something else . . .

"Then, two weeks ago, my son brought one of his friends to meet me—a very young man who is truly a kind of genius. He is a poet who seems capable of writing very beautiful verse, but he is poor and has no time to devote to it. Remembering our pact with you, I asked him to accept the same sum you gave us, plus the interest, of course, and secured his promise to someday do the same—namely, to aid, in his turn, another young writer. I have never forgotten how much encouragement your confidence in our future gave us when we most needed it. So now a chain of good will has been started, which, God willing, will last to the end of time . . ."

This letter gave me real joy, and inspired me with confidence in my fellow beings. Rarely does one trust in vain to a man's sense of honor.

READER'S CHOICE

This month's gentle, perceptive Reader's Choice feature is from the pen of Andre Maurois, a renowned French author and critic. For bringing it to our attention, we thank Joseph T. Shackford, Walkertown, N.C. It has been a favorite of his since it first appeared in the March, 1954, issue of *The Rotarian*, with whose permission we share it. Perhaps you, too, have an article or story you'd enjoy reading again. We'll be happy to consider it for publication if you'll address your nomination (just one to each letter, please) to Reader's Choice Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Then, if it's chosen and you were first to suggest it, a $25 check will be yours.—EDS.

PETS

Beyond Price

By BARBARA PAIGE

TS ARE an important part of growing up. Just as ld needs love and understanding, nourishing food warm bed, so does he need the companionship a pet can provide.

small child's life revolves mostly around himself and mily. When he is given a pet with the understand- hat it is his full responsibility to care for it, he is ing his first lesson in becoming a good parent in life. As he gives love and affection, the pet returns —many times over. In my opinion, there is no better o teach kindness and understanding to a child than ving him a pet to care for.

me parents fail to provide their children with pets se they feel they cannot afford them. Yet these parents spend money day in and day out for things ss important.

quently, when we take our children and our St. rd walking, we are stopped by strangers and ques- about the huge dog. Almost invariably they ask, can you feed him?" If I didn't fear offending the er, I'd reply, "It costs no more to feed our dog does to buy the average person's cigarettes." This tually was pointed out by a teacher at a young 's meeting several years ago. She has since said ngle comparison had done more than anything discourage young people from smoking.

n there are parents who say, "We can't have a ur child is afraid of animals." It always seems at many people go through life with a needless f animals.

en our daughter was two, she was bitten by a 's dog. Immediately, she developed such a fear gs that she screamed at the sight of one. We were hat she would carry this fear all her life. And that vhen our first St. Bernard came into our family.

took her to kennels to see St. Bernard puppies, red behind fences where she could safely peek gh the wire. After seeing several, she begged for f those Teddy bears." We explained that they were dogs; that they only looked like Teddy bears. rtheless, she selected a cuddly, 35-pound "baby." that day on, they were constant companions—and as she took care of the new puppy and realized how helpless it was, her fear vanished. Today, at 19, she has had an assortment of pets—lizards, turtles, parrots, cats, and rabbits, to name but a sampling.

Our son's hobby of raising homing pigeons has been educational in a scientific way. Last year he made a scientific exhibit which was retained by the junior-high school as an outstanding contribution to the department. Through his pets, he was able to be of service to others.

A few years ago, a case was brought to my attention of a teen-age girl who was always in trouble. The juvenile and school authorities were at their wits' end. They finally decided to put her on probation for a few weeks, under the guidance of an adult friend whom she admired. The friend soon discovered that the girl was alone every afternoon after school because both parents worked; she had more time and money than she needed—but not enough love and companionship. This wise adult encouraged her to buy a bird she had wanted, but which her mother had opposed. The mother insisted that since she worked, she had no time to care for it. It was pointed out that the daughter would buy the bird with her own money and assume responsibility for its care—and the mother agreed. As time went on, the girl not only took great interest in training her pet to talk, but diligently saved her money to buy it an attractive cage. And when her probation period passed she had a perfect record!

Whenever I read in the newspaper of a teen-age shooting, I cannot help but wonder if it would have happened if the offender had shared the love and companionship of a faithful dog. I cannot believe anyone who has experienced the grief of losing a beloved pet, taken by death, could become a killer. When I read of a young mother who has abused her baby, I wonder if it would have happened had that girl, as a child, had a helpless kitten to care for.

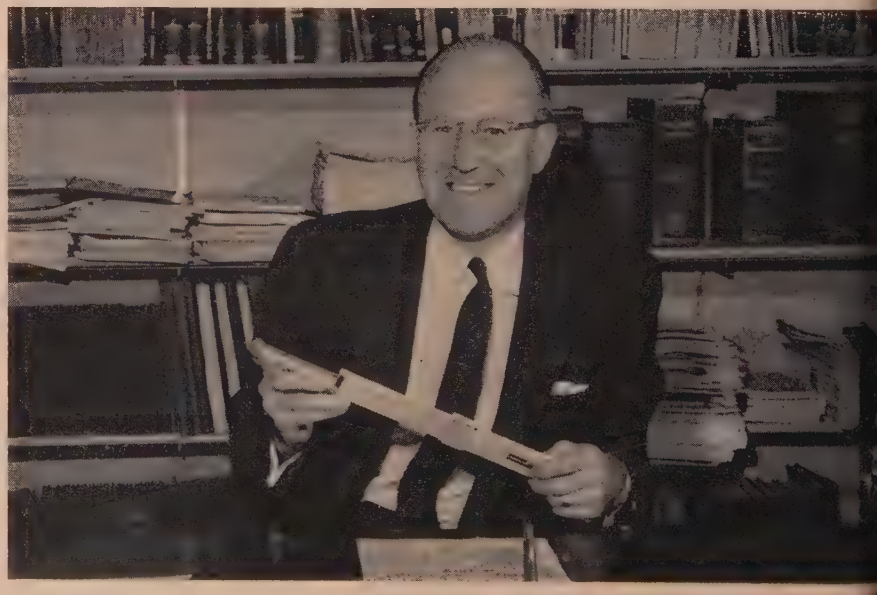
Pets are important—not only for the hours of pleasure which they provide, but for the lessons in living which they teach: unselfishness, reliability, patience, and compassion—all outstanding qualities which help build the best in Christian character.

Unusual Methodists

WORLD LENSMAN: In John Taylor's photos are religious meanings.

HIS BEAT, THE WORLD. Photogr pher John P. Taylor covers a global assig ment; readers often see his pictures world news events in *Look, Holiday, T New York Times,* and elsewhere. Pictur by this World Council of Churches ca eraman currently are on view in the Pro estant Pavilion at the Brussels World Fa [see *Protestant Pavilion,* July, page 63 Among featured shots is his enlarged sce of the superstructure of a church (left Artist-designer as well as photographe Taylor also helped plan the exhibit. H studied at Kansas City Art Institut painted murals in Mexico and Japan, a set up his own design studio in New Yor where he was active in Christ Churc Methodist. Now this layman, his artist wif and their three children are based Switzerland—the best possible location f a photographer whose hobby is skiing.

TOP IN TECH. Chalk up two new honors in the busy life of Gordon B. Carson, dean of engineering at Ohio State University. Within a few weeks' span, he was named Technical Man of the Year in Central Ohio, and vice-president of Ohio State. In the past, he's been an executive in industry, a professor, research worker, and writer; on the side, he has invented a host of new machines. But he still finds time for photography, ice skating, gardening, and boating. And, with his wife and four children, he gives time to work of Trinity Methodist Church in Columbus, where he is on the building committee and teaches Sunday school. A friend's description: "A busy man who somehow finds time for everything."



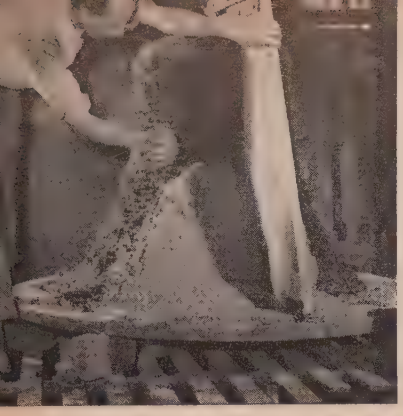
SLIDE-RULE SPECIALIST: Gordon B. Carson, rewarded for his technical gai

N OF MERCY. Superstitious ex-
nunters are venturing out of
eo's back country to try the heal-
owers of the Methodist medical
on, Christ Hospital. Headed by
Harold N. Brewster of Montclair,
on leave as medical secretary of
Board of Missions, this medical
stry is turning many natives to
st. Working with Dr. Brewster
his daughter, Betty, a trained
, and Mrs. Brewster, secretary-
keeper. In 1950, Chinese Reds
d Dr. Brewster out of China,
eupon he headed a UN clinic in
alvador. Then he directed the
cal missions of the church in
York for five years. Dr. Brew-
and his work in the Sarawak
tal are featured in a TV film,
International, which, before
ng to the Brussels World Fair,
shown on a nation-wide U.S.
up. In the coast-to-coast view-
udience: 3 million Methodists.

MEDICAL MISSION: Dr. H. N. Brewster brings healing where needed most.

HID LOVERS: To Edward Giecks, their flowers spell devotion.

FLOWERS & SERVICE. Orchids are the rule at Grace Methodist Church, Long Beach, Calif. Why? Because Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gieck serve their church with a "ministry of orchids." Honored women guests and officers are regularly presented with corsages for church teas and banquets; mothers wear orchids on Mother's Day. The project began three years ago with a single orchid plant—and a dedicated Christian couple. Today the Gieck conservatory boasts more than 150 cattleya orchids and 30 cymbidiums. Other flowers from the Gieck garden, including prize-winning roses and dahlias, decorate the church and parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Gieck are active in church affairs, too; typically, when they arrived in Long Beach to make their home, Mrs. Gieck postponed her unpacking—until she had found the nearest Methodist church.



In casting this church bell, first step calls for inch-thick layer of clay over the heavy iron core of the bell mold.

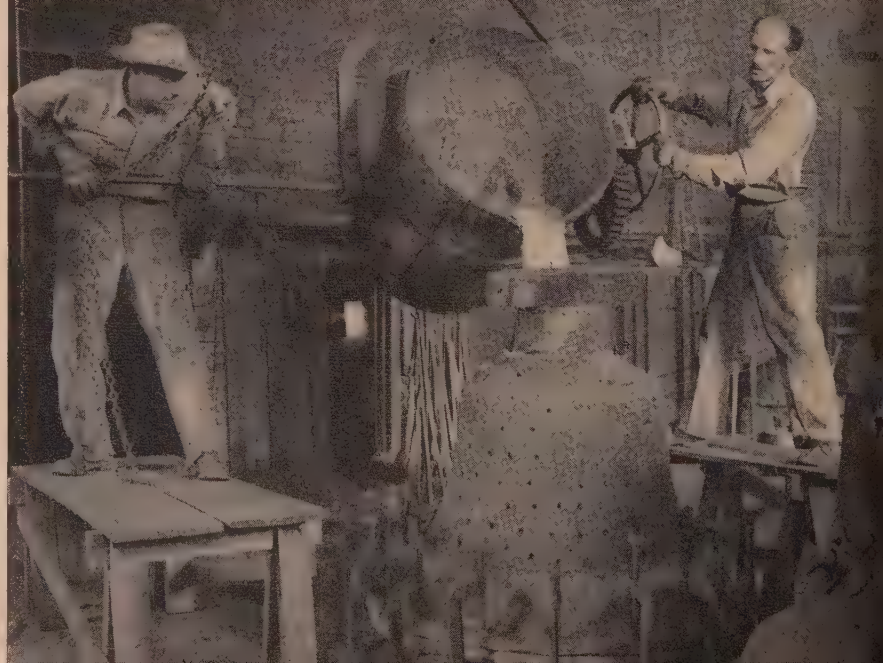
For thousands of years their pealing has brought man news both joyous and sad, and called him to work and rest—but most of all, to worship.

The Bells in Our Lives

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

Next a hand-operated crane lowers a bell-shaped cope, which is also clay lined, into its position over the core.

A workman, using steel die stamps inscription which is to appear on finished bell.



Now the bell is ready for casting as molten bronze, which is a mixture of tin and copper, is poured into the cavity between clayed surfaces of cope and mold. This bell, one of several ordered by a church from the Stucksted firm of St. Louis, weighs 2,300 pounds.

UNG between earth and high heaven, bells speak, in church rs, with the voice of God. Yet are man-made, with an ancient ry, remote in time and distant raphically.

the Bible, bells are mentioned rly as Exodus. In China, their runs back some 46 centuries; l bells have been found in the of Assyrian cities, and hand discovered in Egyptian mummy . In Celtic legends it is told that ost solemn of oaths were sworn, pon Holy Writ, but upon some red bell. From time imme-al, the tongue of a bell has moned in mankind a response to tion or to duty.

r these clamorous or tolling are intricately woven into the lly life of man, as well as into eavenly hopes. The school bell ns panic in the tardy child and ire bell rouses men from sleep e help of their fellows. From times our ancestors had a bell ivic conscience. Often it was ingle bell, which told the time y, gave warning in case of fire tack, called to meeting in town il, or to worship in church, and nded that the hour had come natins or vespers. So the bell be-a needed and loved presence in rly community.

us, in the Old World, bells have given tongue to the deepest gs of the people. Once the knell was tolled three times child, six times for a woman, for a man. At the death of a dignitary, the clapper has often muffled on one side, so that each stroke was followed by a ghost-dded blow. When a young n died, both sides were muffled. aring the knell ring out, people anxiously send to inquire soul had passed from earth. But, the poet John Donne, with a instinct for the oneness of nity, "Never send to know for n the bell tolls; It tolls for thee." bells are also the tongues of re-g. How they have pealed out ews of victory and liberation all the embattled lands of pe!

re in my own town the bells of Santa Barbara mission yearly forth in joyous clamor to usher e annual fiesta. These bells are my neighbors and daily their notes float out over my garden. Not only do they mark significant periods of this old city by the sea, but they have rung in its history from the first coming of Christianity.

In the earthquake of 1925 all the mission bells shivered and thundered; some fell, some were cracked where they hung. The people of the town joined together to restore its voice. Today the bells have been recast and retuned. The expense was borne by Protestants, Jews, and Catholics alike. For the mission bells are *our* bells.

A bell can be not only a community's voice, but that of a nation. There is, I venture, no single object so sacred to the people of America as the Liberty Bell. Hanging from its hand-hewn walnut beam, a mighty weight 12 feet around at the lip, the Liberty Bell lives on, though mute, for all of us. It has not only declared our independence, it first prophesied it. For at its making there was blazoned around its crown a verse from Leviticus: *"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof."*

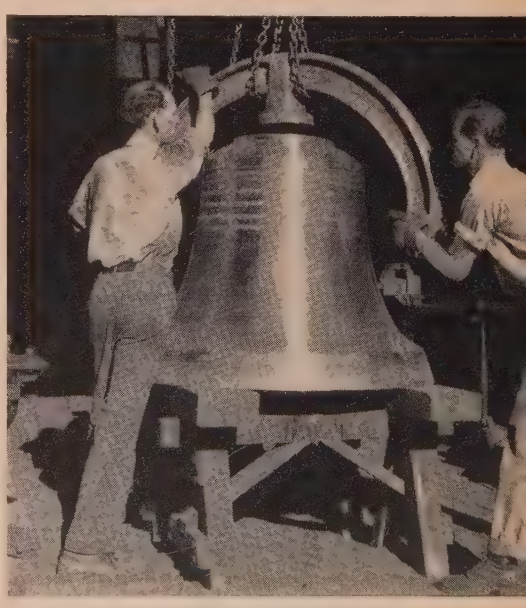
IN ENGLAND hangs another famous bell, one which utters news of fortunes made or catastrophic losses. This is the bell of Lloyd's of London, the great insurance house. Taken from the wrecked ship *Lutine* (once insured by Lloyd's), it hangs in a sort of slim temple in the middle of the principal room of the busy company and is rung before the announcement of important news. One stroke foretells unhappy tidings; two strokes announce good fortune.

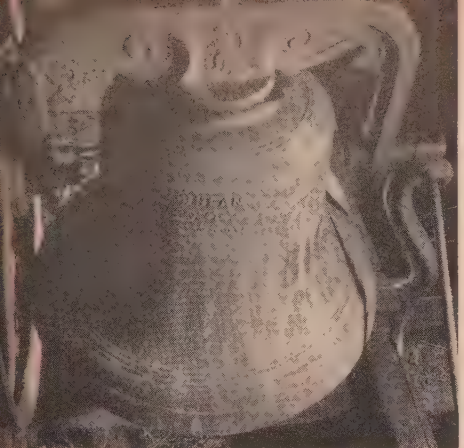
So these throats of cold metal proclaim to men the happenings around them, helping to shape their lives on earth as well as their efforts toward a better life of the spirit. Bells have had, too, more influence on church architecture than any other one factor.

Someone has called the church spire "God's finger pointing to the sky." Rather, I think it should be called man's hand raised in testament, for therein are hung his bells, to speak his hopes and fears and commands over the countryside. And the flatter that is, the taller you will find the bell tower. Hills and mountains contain this voice of any community dwelling therein, but in the flatlands bells can be heard for many miles, if only they are hung high enough. Thus in parts of Belgium and Holland the children may be summoned to school or to their homes, or warned to rise or go to bed by special little tunes played for them on the bells of the great singing towers. Playing melodies at every hour or half hour, the bells give to the industrious people of the Low Countries music that lightens their labors.

These older carillons, notably in Europe, consist of a set of cast bells in a fixed position, not swung but struck with mechanically operated hammers. Such a chime is weighty and costly, requiring a sturdy tower to contain it. But with the age of electronics came a new device, permitting even modest churches to ring out sacred music over a wide area. This consists of a set of tiny metal rods struck with small hammers, the result electronically amplified. The whole installation may weigh under 200 pounds and the cost is within reach of almost any determined congregation. The first of these carillons was bought by a Methodist church in Somerville, Massachusetts. And it was a Methodist pastor, Dr. Charles Ray Goff, of the First Methodist Church of Chicago [see *Love at Second Sight,* January, 1957, page 17],

Final step before shipping: cast-iron yoke, from which bell will swing in church tower, is lowered in place.





Artisans cast McKendree's bell long before U.S. was discovered.

Oldest College Bell in America

IN RINGING TONES, 10 minutes before each hour, a 1,000-year-old bell tolls in the old chapel tower at Methodist-related McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

Inscriptions indicate the bell was molded in Spain during the eighth century.

Believed to be the oldest in the nation, the bell was brought to St. Louis in the 1850s by traders who found it in a deserted New Mexico church. In St. Louis it was recast for the third time in its long, historic life. In 1858, it was purchased by McKendree, the oldest Methodist college in terms of continuous control by our church. McKendree was founded by pioneer churchmen in 1828.

From this tower, a century ago, the college bell was first tolled.

who was responsible for the mighty melodies which ring out over the canyons of the Windy City from the Chicago Temple. A world traveler, he had heard cast bells pealing in England, France, the Low Countries, and temple bells struck in India, Siam, and Indo-China. But it was only on his return home to his duties in what is called the world's tallest church tower, that he heard the bell music he had been seeking, and had a set installed in the temple tower. This set, too, is electronically operated. From 400 feet above the narrow, crowded streets, it sends its music rejoicing forth to lighten hearts below.

FROM such modern means of "ringing in the new," it is a long way back to the bells that "rang out the old." These bells of olden days took on many shapes—flat sided, square, oblong, and, in the Orient, tumbler shaped. But the form familiar to us in the Western world has its own exact proportions, with acoustics as complex as those of a violin. A good bell is bronze in the proportion of four parts of copper to one of tin. The thickness of the metal must not be uniform, for that gives a dead tone; the greatest thickness should be found on the sound bow, where the tongue or clapper strikes, and should taper swiftly down to the rim and gradually up through the long waist of the bell to the shoulder. The height and diameter of the best bell, say authorities, should bear an exact relationship. Thus a bell weighing 2,000 pounds, for instance, should be four feet in diameter at the mouth, with a sound bow 3½ inches thick.

The musical pitch is determined by the weight. To make a bell exactly one tone higher on the diatonic scale than another, it should be one eighth lighter. The bell founders, in pouring the molten bronze into the mold, are able to tune approximately by weight. If a bell note is absolutely pure at the start, it is said to have a "maiden ring." If finer tuning is needed, the sound bow can be filed thinner on the inside to heighten the pitch. To lower the pitch, the rim is shortened by a whetstone.

In such fashion were cast the famous bells of the world, Big Ben, Great Peter, Great Paul, and Great Tom of Britain, and the great bell of Moscow, the world's biggest bell—which has never given tongue, for it was cracked long ago by a fire. Czar Boris Godunov had placed in the Kremlin the largest ringing bell ever known, of about 128 tons—and how the bells clamor in the opera named for him! For composers have been swift to see how bells can heighten their effects. In Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture,* too, we hear all Russia rejoice in the clamor of bells played down the scale. Played *up* the scale the sound expresses gloom.

The English for centuries have played a kind of game with their rope-swung bells, called change ringing. The result is not melodic, but a sort of mathematical delight. Thus if you have a "ring" or set of three bells of different pitch, you can ring several changes; with five bells, you can ring 120 changes. If you have 12 bells, the change-ringing formula allows you combinations in the millions—truly "a joyful noise unto the Lord" if nothing more musical. A change-ringing team in an old English parish may include the vicar, the squire, the doctor, or even the second grave-digger, for it will be devoted to its purpose as to a sport or an art, combining indeed some of the qualities of each.

FOR me, however, bells are best rung simply, quietly, to leave the widening circles of their sound unbroken upon country air. So I remember the old plantation bell on a North Carolina farm, once a summons to the slaves, but now, in a happier world of freedom, only the voice to tell boys and girls to hasten to school.

Of one of the characters in his novels, Dostoevski says: he was an atheist, but he still loved the sound of church bells. I am no atheist; indeed even in my earliest days a church bell's call to me was imperative. That was when I was living for months on a mountaintop with my mother, where I had all the loneliness a child could use. And every Sunday, at the appointed hour, I would walk a mile so that I could hear, floating up sweet and pure and holy, the sound of a single church bell rung in the valley far below. No sound on earth, perhaps, can ever rise so near to heaven.

ed? Dull routine got you down?
y not do what this wise woman did?

rganize Yourself Out of the Blues

By MARY B. TURNER

A Together in the

Feature

HE PRINCE and the princess
arried and they all lived
ever after."
sed the book, kissed the three
good night, and went back
stack of dishes in the sink.
turned on the hot water and
for the billowy suds to foam
nd this last stack of dishes
day the phrase, "lived happily
fter," ran through my head.
e fairy tales ended this way.
stuff and nonsense they were!
ainly hadn't worked out that
r me. I'd been married seven
nd this daily routine left me
ng but happy!
le I scrubbed, rinsed, and
l with automatic motions, as
ne thousands of times before,
analyzing my problem. What
xpected of marriage, anyway?
had been my goal?
dream had included a hus-
one person really to share with.
One who would understand. A person who would love me by free choice, not by circumstances as my parents did. A home of my own, where I could arrange things to suit myself, prepare food I liked, use colors I liked. A home that would be a reflection of my own personality, not preshaped by some other woman. And children. I had wanted seven. In fact, we had picked out names while we were engaged. Now we had three, all dear beyond words.

I had all these things I'd dreamed of, and still I wasn't happy. What in the world was wrong with me?

There was nothing wrong with our marriage. We loved one another, deeply and truly. Our relationship had deepened and broadened with the years. We'd been through sickness, loss, financial difficulties. We knew each other in bad moments as well as good, loved each other for our faults and weaknesses as well

as our qualities and strengths, yet somehow we seemed to be drifting apart. I barely understood the shop talk he brought home from the office. I was sure my comments on each day's happenings bored him.

One thing I hadn't counted on when dreaming of a home of my own was the work involved in keeping it up to the standards displayed in the better magazines. I seemed to scrub and polish all day, with nothing to show for it but exhaustion each evening. As fast as I tidied a room, the children messed it up. The smallest one wasn't trained, and I had a big daily wash. My little girl loved starched dresses and I ironed as many as 14 every week. The older boy was fascinated with tearing things up. I had diverted this energy into tearing paper, but it was still an awful mess to clean up.

THE children of my dreams had been quiet, well behaved, co-operative. My own, beloved as they were, were messy, noisy, and constantly underfoot. Our days seemed to degenerate into a running battle. They pestered me to read when I was polishing silver. When I shooed them away, the ensuing quiet meant they were into mischief, which usually resulted in another mess to clean up.

Besides this, the children tied us down to an impossible degree. We hadn't seen a movie in over two years; visiting friends was no pleasure, with conversation continually interrupted to settle quarrels, save precious bric-a-brac, and otherwise control misdirected energy. I couldn't get to the beauty parlor, and my hair and hands showed the neglect. My constant costume seemed to be blue jeans and a polo shirt. My mind was in a deplorable state—occupied with what's for dinner and cleaning finger smudges off the woodwork. The daily paper went around the garbage. I hadn't read a book in years.

This whole pattern wasn't my idea of happiness. But what to do?

My first impulse was to run away. I discarded that idea at once, for there was no place I wanted to go, no one I loved as well as my family.

I could take a job! That would get me away from morning till evening, with new and different people. But then I recalled my working days before the children came. I'd come home dog tired, get supper, and then do housework far into the night. Also, if I took a job I'd have less time with my husband and someone else would be shaping the lives of my children—one of the best parts of motherhood.

Then came my inspiration.

That evening I listed my problems on paper and talked them over with my husband. He was surprised to learn I had problems, but agreed to help me however he could.

First, I went to see our doctor. I explained my depression and chronic fatigue to him. He gave me a complete checkup, found nothing wrong. But he told me that he saw many people who felt just as I did, and that fatigue was often due to boredom. He prescribed spending more money on recreation. It pays, he said, to spend more now on the little things than a great deal later recovering from a nervous breakdown.

Next, I went home and took a long look at the house. I decided I'd tried to do too much—with no organization. Our house should be a home, not a show place; it should be lived in, not set up for a picture.

I reorganized the housework, setting up a *flexible* schedule: Mondays, the week's big wash; Tuesdays, clean house from top to bottom; Wednesdays, iron; Thursdays, odd jobs and sewing; Fridays, another thorough cleaning. Saturdays and Sundays I do nothing except enjoy my family. With this plan I get more accomplished in less time and there are amazingly few loose ends.

Now I sit down once a week and make up a week's menus after consulting weekend specials at the market. Instead of haphazard, day-to-day food shopping, I do 90 per cent of it in one trip and save a lot of money in the bargain.

With the house organized, I looked to my personal situation. A friend helped me with a home permanent in return for a few hours' baby-sitting. I set aside one night a week for a home beauty treatment—shampoo, manicure, and simple wardrobe repairs. Now I greet my husband in an attractive cotton dress, though my daytime garb is still blue jeans and shirt.

I investigated the local library and now take out books and magazines once a week. I skim through t daily paper in a 15-minute morni coffee break. Every afternoon I re while the children have their nap Slowly, as new ideas filtered into m mind I found them emerging in m conversation. I no longer had to r strict my talk to child training ar recipes.

Now that I was more presentabl my husband and I ventured out t gether again. We joined Sunda school, made church attendance t rule. As we joined church group our circle of friends grew. My hu band and I agreed to swap baby-si ting with each other. One night week I go out to a woman's meetin another night he goes to the lod he had been longing to join. H "night out" is my "beauty night" which is much better spent in privac anyway.

We made arrangements with reliable baby sitter to reserve o specific night a month, barring eme gencies. That night we go out t gether—sometimes to a local mov or to visit friends, now and then t a nearby city for a real celebratio It is almost like the dates of o courting days.

Meanwhile, I have made it a poi to give the children, individually an collectively, more attention. Th took heroic self-discipline at first b cause I was so used to shooing the away. Also, they were so delighte that at first they overdid their d mands. But gradually, as they g used to the idea that I was alway available, they grew less demandin

ALL this didn't come about im mediately. It took time to accom plish. A happy husband, contente children, and a comfortable—if n spotless—home, have made th thought and effort worth while.

The other night as my husban and I looked at our sleeping litt ones after the last ritual of coverin them up, and as the fourth bab moved inside me, I suddenly realize that I was happier than I had ev been in my whole life. I squeezed m husband's hand and said, "Fai tales *do* come true, don't they?"

I'm sure he didn't know what was talking about, but I am co vinced that from here on in, we a going to "live happily ever after

Deaconesses no longer wear a black dress and little black bonnet with white tie. But at Quarterly Conference or workshop, in office or field, they give full-time service to the church.

Country Deaconess

THE ATTRACTIVE young woman at left is Ella Virginia Courtney of Rome, Ga., one of 482 active Methodist deaconesses. She is 28, the daughter of a minister, and is devoting her life to Christian service in a rural area.

It is safe to say that Methodists in general know less about their deaconesses than about their ministers, lay leaders, and stewards. But these dedicated women work in many capacities to serve the church.

You will find them working in kindergartens, as nurses or technicians, chaplains or purchasing agents, secretaries, dieticians, supply pastors, and in many other roles not requiring full clergy rights.

The standards are high, the pay often lower than one would expect in commerce and industry. Yet an

***Specialist** in rural-church and community work: Laden with notebooks and records, Miss Courtney starts out on an assignment in Van's Valley area, Georgia.*

Member of the congregation: *At meeting of the Quarterly Conference, she joins in singing with the J. B. Kelleys. Later on she will give a report on her deaconess work in the area.*

Country Deaconess, continued

increasing number of young wom are becoming deaconesses. To quali a girl should have given a since commitment to Christ and his w of life. A deaconess should have understanding of the Bible and Christian ethics. Mental, physic and educational qualifications mu be above average.

Women such as Mississippi-bo Miss Courtney have these qualiti How does she put them to work d by day? The pictures tell the sto

Qualifications: *She must have pleasing personality, a love for people, sense of humor, ability to work well with others. Below, Mrs. Don Morgan stops to chat with the deaconess after the Quarterly Conference.*

Welcome visitor *in homes of the sick, Miss Courtney even takes babies to the doctor, is ready to assist anyone in need of help. Here she stops by home of Mrs. W. H. Davis, who has been ill, for a friendly visit, a word of cheer, and prayer.*

Mutual understanding: *Born on a farm, the deaconess can candle and pack an egg as well as she can lead a prayer or conduct a worship service. Here she lends helping hand to Mrs. Paul Davis.*

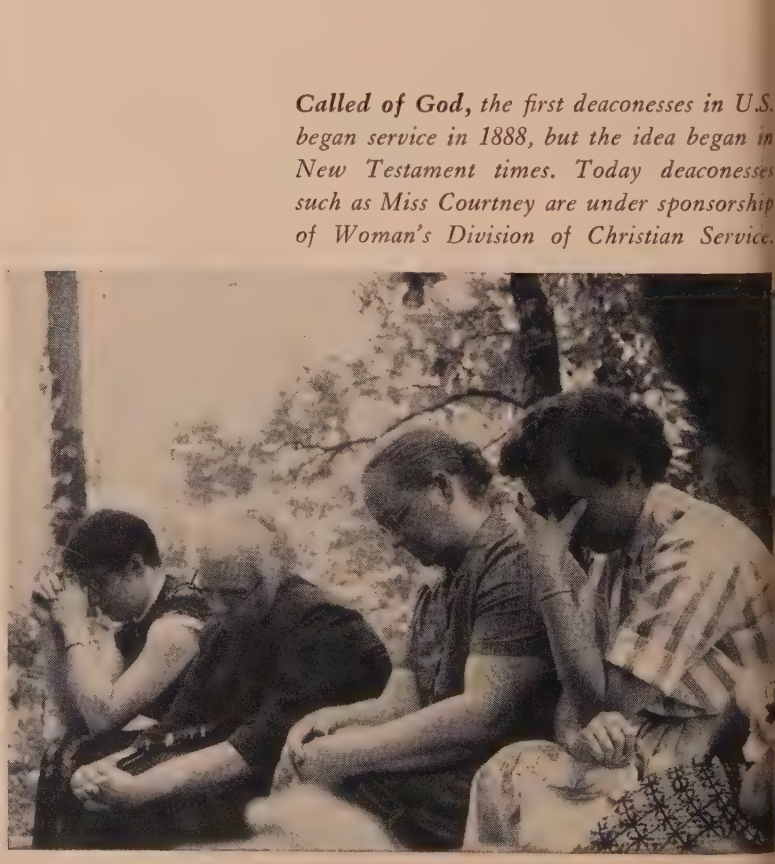
t industry *supplements income poultry and farming around . Miss Courtney, who has degree ociology, talks to textile worker h Turner, of Van's Valley church.*

It's Sunday-school time *at Van's Valley church. Miss Courtney visits a class of teen-agers and leads in prayer. As a deaconess, her work has many oft-used definitions, including "a calling, a hallowed title, a relationship—not a job."*

"Church Out of Doors" *goes indoors as Miss Courtney conducts a class in "discovery group experience," pointing out the unusual leaves, flowers, and buds brought in. To qualify as deaconesses, girls need a college degree.*

Workshop over, *she returns source material to the lending library. During a two-day session on camping, Van's Valley Methodists studied everything from astronomy to botany, from wildlife to recipes for campfire stew.*

Called of God, *the first deaconesses in U.S. began service in 1888, but the idea began in New Testament times. Today deaconesses such as Miss Courtney are under sponsorship of Woman's Division of Christian Service.*



What's Ahead For Farmers?

By CHARLES B. SHUMAN
President, American Farm Bureau Federation; Methodist layman.

MING is changing. Since the f World War I, agriculture has going through a technological ution. We have moved from a of horses, steam threshing ma-, setting hens, country butter, orchards, and general farm- a streamlined, mechanized, ercialized, specialized type of ng. The farming business is no a simple way of life.

factors in this revolution have he substitution of mechanical for muscle power and im- nent of farming by application w knowledge. Important ex- s are hybrid corn, antibiotics, al weed killers, advanced till- uipment, commercial fertilizer, ectric power. Consumers have ed—never before have they ss of their income for food thing than they do today.

except for the Korean War , farmers have had a relatively rable economic position since nly in recent months have we creased prices for those farm s that have not been burdened rpluses.

y opinion, a major cause of oubles in agriculture is con- on by Congress of unsound ive attempts to fix prices and l production of farm products. ng ahead, we may need price ts to reduce wide market fluc- ns, but they must not fix prices ey should be based on market rather than politically deter- formulas.

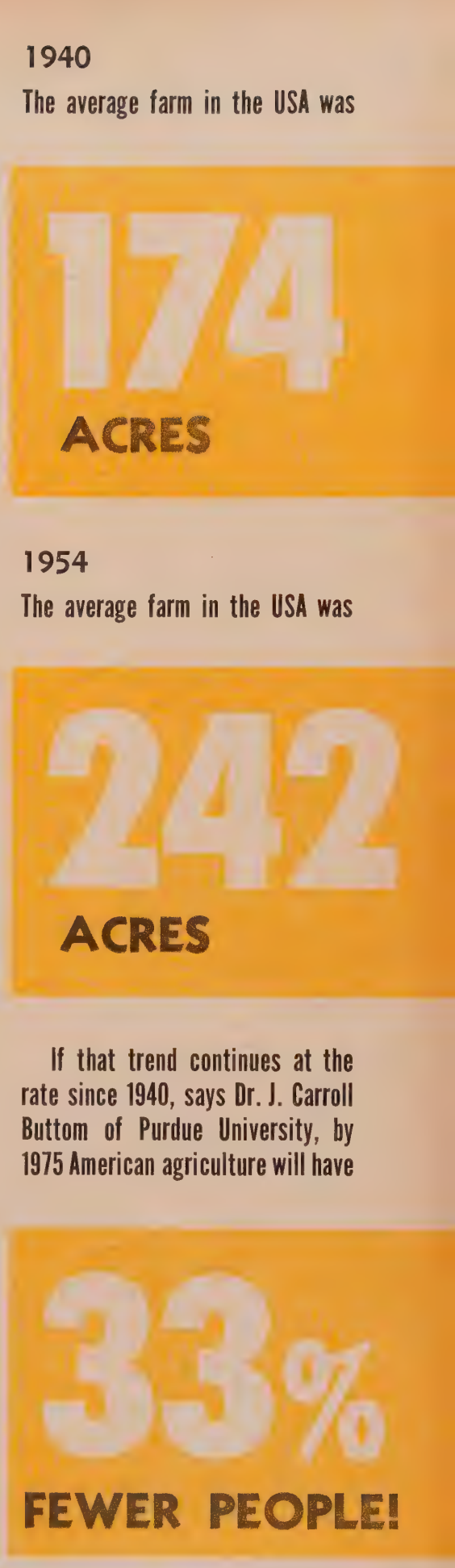
ther factor shaping the farm- ture is steadily increasing pro- ity—measured by output per our or per production unit. average farm acre in 1957 pro- a fourth more crops than in 1940, and livestock production (per breeding unit) rose even faster. Output per man-hour of farm labor doubled, increasing farm output more than a third with 30 per cent fewer man-hours.

These advances would have been impossible without a spectacular increase in capital investments by farmers. Consider the figures: on January 1, 1957, the total value of farm assets was $176.8 billion, or 3 1/3 times more than the $53 billion of 1940. But farmers' liabilities were only $19.5 billion as compared to $10 billion in 1940. Farm-machinery and motor-vehicle investments totaled $17 billion, or more than five times the 1940 figure. In 17 years farmers have increased their ownership of tractors from 1.5 million to 4.5 million; of grain combines from 190,000 to 1 million, and of milking machines from 175,000 to more than 700,000.

Improved methods, increased mechanization, and greater capital investments—these made it possible for the individual farmer to operate a larger farm with less hired labor.

Meanwhile, the land used for crops is today about what it was in 1940—368 million acres in 1940 and 370 million acres in 1956, the latest accurate tabulation. The acreage of pasture and grazing lands has also remained relatively constant. But according to the 1954 Census of Agriculture, there was a decline of 1,314,383 in the number of farms between 1940 and 1954. More recent data indicates that this decline has continued.

While the amount of land farmed remained almost constant, the number of farms declined. Farms grew larger. Between 1940 and 1954, the


1940
The average farm in the USA was
174
ACRES
1954
The average farm in the USA was
242
ACRES
If that trend continues at the rate since 1940, says Dr. J. Carroll Buttom of Purdue University, by 1975 American agriculture will have
33%
FEWER PEOPLE!

average farm increased in size from 174 to 242 acres.

This does not mean, however, that farming is becoming concentrated in the hands of a few corporation farms. Agriculture is still predominantly an industry of small businesses—largely operated as family enterprises, and indications are that it will continue.

However, growth in the size of farms does mean that the farmer must buy more of what it takes to operate. He is in the market for fuel, power, baby chicks, hybrid seed, and many items formerly produced at home. As this trend continues, farm income will be affected more than ever by costs determined by what happens in the nonagricultural areas of the economy.

Constantly increased costs have made an even greater impact on shrinking farm income than have declining farm prices. Farmers wish to sell their products on a relatively free competitive market and insist that the goods and services they purchase also be produced in a competitive market.

Recent years have seen an alarming tendency for big business and big labor organizations to bargain with the idea of dividing up the results of their increased efficiency among labor, capital, and management with little concern for the consumer. Many farmers have given up the hope of checking these monopoly practices and advocate similar tactics for agriculture. Two wrongs do not make a right. Monopoly pricing by labor and business results in drastic reductions in production—plants are shut down and men thrown out of work. Monopoly pricing in agriculture would require strict regulation of production and restrictions on who would be permitted to farm. And I do not believe this is the way to improve the farm-family income.

If the diet of the American people can be improved, farmers have a wonderful opportunity to expand their domestic market. We are the best-fed people in the world, yet more than 29 per cent of us endanger our health by a diet deficient in calcium. Consumer surveys indicate that poor diet is almost as common in high-income families as in those with a lower income.

It is misleading to say, "As long as there are hungry people in the world, there are no farm surpluses." Such oversimplification ignores trade barriers, transportation costs, and different levels of productivity. However, the unfilled potential demand of other nations presents an opportunity to American farmers for new markets—if we (1) supply the kind and quality of products desired in foreign markets, (2) do a good job of selling abroad, (3) purchase more things from other nations, and (4) price our crops competitively. This job is one of good salesmanship.

Now, what of the people who do the farming? As farms become larger and farmers become fewer, will our rural institutions—including our churches—and the values they develop decline? We who are interested in the rural community are challenged to find sound answers to the social problems that come with economic change.

The nature of the rural community will be different, obviously. In some areas reduced population will force the enlargement of community boundaries and the consolidation of schools, churches, and local government units. Where industrial expansion is taking place, the rural community may include a much higher proportion of urban workers who prefer to live in the country. There it may be necessary to establish additional schools and churches.

Nothing is static in countryside America. Farmers are interested in building stronger and better local institutions. If farm organization, church, and civic groups co-operate fully at the community level, I feel sure we will build even better rural communities to meet future needs.

We in the U.S. are proud that our nation has more political freedom for its people than any nation on earth. We treasure the memory of our forebears who came to this country to secure political and religious freedom, now guaranteed by the Constitution and Bill of Rights. But let us also remember that those freedoms will be in peril if we destroy economic freedom. I believe it no mere coincidence that in this nation where the people have the greatest degree of political freedom, they also have the greatest amount of economic freedom and have given Christianity as high a level of acceptance as any nation in the world.

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Cannot Forsake Small Church

Edwin E. Voigt, *Bishop Dakotas Area*

WHAT does all this mean for the church? There may be sharp disagreements on the technical aspects of this provocative article. But there can be no disagreement about its bearing on the town and country church. Since unification of Methodism—North and South—in 1939 authorities estimate that at least 2,000 town and country churches have been closed, abandoned, or sold. But there still are people living there. What shall the church do about them? Can it forsake them because of dwindling populations? Is this reason for the church to decrease its efforts?

1. Although these communities are smaller in population, they still are *communities* with a sense of togetherness essential to human life and personality. If the church moves out it renounces its part in bringing the Spirit of Christ to bear on the creation of community at its best.

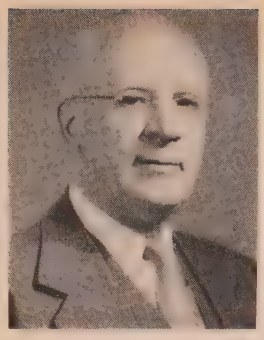
2. These communities are no longer "backwoods." In many of them, two thirds of the people have been to college. A provisional or illiterate ministry is an insult to them.

3. The cost of a proper ministry in plain dollars and cents, has never really been faced. The preacher (especially if he is young) probably has some college debts to pay off. If he has a family, his Blue Cross will cost at least $10 a month. He will need a car. The monthly payment probably is $50. When he gets the car paid for he will have to start payments on a new one. He will drive 1,000 to 1,500 miles a month. The cost of operation will be around $75 a month. He will have to pay for his heat and light, and he ought to buy a few books. His bare capital outlay to serve as a minister, will be from $2,000 to $2,500 a year. That is what it costs merely to function.

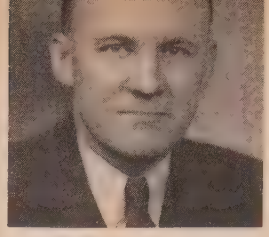
4. The answer seems to be combination. Little churches that once had a pastor of their own can no longer finance one. It is no reflection on their character if two or three

at's Ahead for Farmers? Continued:

Interwoven with the future f the farmer is the town and country church. Three Methodist experts ake a sharp look at what's ahead for the rural church in America.



Bishop Edwin E. Voigt



Alexander Nunn

Elliott Fisher

to provide decent living for a trained minister. Such enlarged wship may become a source of spiritual enrichment.

And it is no reflection on a min- to serve such a pastoral appoint- . Methodism cannot forsake small cells. Out of their over- have come some of the outstand- eaders of the church and state. minister who touches these peo- n their formative years in the of Christ is also building for ure only time and eternity will l.

denge: Fellowship

Alexander Nunn, *Exec. Ed.*
Progressive Farmer

HERE is no simple answer to uestion, "What is ahead for the hurch?" The answer that fits mmunity with a growing num- people working off the farm ot fit a full-time farming com- y. Much depends on commu- ackground, pride, and leader- A great deal depends, too, on er national agricultural and leaders realize that we are in 1958, and not 1900. I am nvinced that what happens to hodist rural church may not arily be what happens to a ern Baptist church. We do not ally believe as a denomination he rural church is essential to ture.

one in the South who is aware at has been happening to agri- e, to industry, and to popula- movement would insist that country church should be ained simply because it was ished 100 or 150 years ago. In own area there were active hes that disappeared before I was old enough to remember. Others, closed in fairly recent years, were closed by better roads, changing agriculture, and increasing mobility of our people.

We should bear in mind that we have more people today in communities of 2,500 or less than we ever had before. We might do well to remember that many townspeople prefer to worship in open-country churches with soul-satisfying services and an active program. I could take you to areas where the strongest churches are in the open country. We might well remember that it's easier for families to travel 15 miles to church today than it was to travel one or two some years gone by. The great challenge is to build a spirit of fellowship and of belonging in the larger community.

I don't know all that is ahead for the rural church. I can tell you positively what is ahead for our own denomination and the nation if they forget the rural family, the rural community, and the rural church.

We Must Not Retreat

Elliott Fisher, *President*
Methodist Rural Fellowship

CHARLES SHUMAN has pictured for us the changing pattern of American agriculture which greatly affects the life of the rural church.

In a New York paper recently an article told of the first completely electrified farm. By merely pushing a button the farmer cleaned the barns, fed his cattle, unloaded the silo, and performed dozens of other farm routines. We will all agree that this changing pattern of American agriculture calls for a new consideration of the church's program. I wish something could have been said concerning the 2.25 million farm families with a net cash income per family of around $2,000 a year, or about the farm laborers and migrants who play such an important role in our agricultural life.

The future of town and country is not as dismal as one would think. The largest population growth in the nation is in the field of the rural, nonfarm area. Last year over half of our new industries were located in communities of 10,000 or less. Reclamation projects are making available thousands of acres of land for new farms. Think of what this means in terms of new homes and new opportunities! But this changing picture of rural life means that more responsibility will be placed in the hands of the pastor.

The church must learn, too, that the layman is the key that unlocks the door to a successful pastorate and through him the unchurched areas can be reached and served.

More emphasis must also be placed on the co-operative approach, the development of group ministries and larger parishes, where several churches working together will bring to bear all the resources of the church upon the community. We must continue to insist on the significance of the Christian community as a vital foundation of our society. Above all, we must learn how to minister to the exurbanites living in the rural fringe of our suburban areas and keep before our people the significant values found in both rural and urban living. In areas of decreasing population we must not retreat, for Methodism has a responsibility and a message for all peoples everywhere. It is important that we make available the best trained leadership of our church to meet the challenge of the new day in rural America.

The quenchless zeal of Francis Asbury put American Methodism on its way.

'Live or Die, I Must Ride!'

By HARTZELL SPENCE
Author of The Story of Religions in America

The statue, "Prophet of the Long Road," Washington, D.C.

WHEN we appraise American Methodism, not yet 200 years of age, one man stands taller than all the rest. He wrought for Protestantism what the Revolution accomplished politically: a denomination beholden to no foreign church or supported by any government, free to develop religiously the democratic dreams of freedom and social justice for all men. Today, over 10 million American Methodists follow his precedents, but it is doubtful if a tithe of them know his name: *Francis Asbury.*

He spread and nurtured the early seeds of Methodism throughout America. A tireless rider, he helped organize conferences and the previously spotty Sunday-school programs. And he presided over the conference at which the Methodist Publishing House—publishers of TOGETHER—was born.

He encouraged church women to emancipate themselves by charting their tireless energies into noble causes; he started the first organized campaigns against slavery and the liquor traffic. He trained and sent out the circuit riders who, most historians agree, became the most potent force in civilizing the frontier. And he organized a scattered band of 1,000 Methodists into a church which, at his death, numbered 210,000 members and 400 ordained clergymen.

All this Asbury accomplished without any of the usual attributes of great leadership. He was no glamour boy, no spellbinder, no organization man, and he was plagued all his adult life by illness so dire that for 15 years he expected every day to be his last. Call him zealot or saint; but name him great. Few men have accomplished so much with so little educational and physical endowment.

Physically, he was small—five feet nine, never weighing over 150 pounds. His intense bluish eyes, set in a weather-worn face, could fill with tears as his resonant voice softened with pathos. He scorned the then-newfangled Jeffersonian trousers, preferring light-blue clothes with knee breeches. Only once, while preaching, did he wear the "gown and band" of Wesley's churchmen back in England. When it was protested as not in keeping with Methodist simplicity, he discarded it. And as Methodism attuned to American democracy he became a stanch defender of the Protestant belief in the "priesthood of all believers."

Asbury never married, for to have done so, he wrote in his journal, would have distracted him from his mission.

His home was his saddle; he had no other. Historians say he rode horseback perhaps farther than any man in American history—averaging 6,000 miles a year or some 265,000 miles in 44 years! Visiting every Methodist preacher in America every year, he had a schedule so tight that he could sleep only six hours a night lest he be late to an appointment. Often he got no sleep at all, for he would detour 20 miles to pay a sick call on a remote settler.

ancis Asbury slept where night
d him, in any cabin, and some-
s on the ground.
ten, he confided in his journal,
onged "for a clean plank to lie
as preferable to the beds, for
e the beds are in bad state, the
s are worse." One night he slept
16 adults and several noisy chil-
in seven beds in a 20 by 16-foot
filthy with vermin.
s food was no better than his
ng and, he wrote, "I suffer much
cold and hunger." In winter
rded streams and rode on for
a day, sheeted with ice, clad
erly against the sub-zero cold.
wonder that he developed
ulcers, fevers, rheumatism, asth-
czema, often all of them at once.
preached propped on pillows
he could not stand, then was
d to his saddle or into a wagon
rt, and on he went. He never
ed, never paused for fun or
, once chided himself because he
miled at a joke.

VE OR DIE," he recorded in his
al, "I must ride."
made over 100 trips to Vir-
80 to Maryland, 78 to Pennsyl-
63 to North Carolina, 60 to
Jersey, 50 to New York, 46 to
Carolina, 23 to Massachusetts,
Tennessee and Georgia. He
t 4 A.M. and after an hour of
al prayer preached his first
n at 5 A.M. From then on he
t pause until 10 at night, with
a day off, never a vacation.
did he rest in the saddle. Hav-
education, he taught himself
Hebrew, and Greek, read the
s of John Wesley, studied his-
nd wrote sermons. He also
he Bible through three times a
nd was so familiar with it
e could name chapter and verse
any text he might need for
mptu remarks at any time.
s singularly one-tracked man
orn August 20 or 21, 1745, near
ngham, England, the son of a
ner. His mother is said to have
vision that her unborn son
be a spiritual leader. From his
she nourished him for his
y, reading him the Bible by
our, teaching him hundreds of
s.
did poorly in school, later admitting to a "horrible dread" of the schoolmaster's birch. At 13, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, a proper prelude to a life in the saddle. Henry Foxall, who worked with him at the forge, later came to America, established an iron works, and built Foundry Methodist Church in Washington. At 14, Asbury had a religious awakening and at 17 he began lay-preaching for the Methodists, a movement started by John Wesley within the Church of England.

The colonies in America interested Wesley, who had served in Georgia as an Anglican clergyman [See *The Wesleys in Georgia,* September, page 34], and when he asked at Bristol for missionary volunteers, Asbury stepped forward. On October 27, 1771, he and co-missionary Richard Wright arrived at Philadelphia. Asbury was 26.

He was not the first Methodist in the field. Seven others were preaching in New York, Philadelphia, and inland. Within a month, Asbury was preaching in churches, homes, and jails and had started the circuit-rider system in Westchester County, N.Y. In his first year in America, he preached in 25 towns in the four states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware.

Wesley had named Asbury the chief American missionary in 1772, but superseded him a year later when Thomas Rankin arrived as superintendent. For the first time, Methodists were required to look to their future. Asbury obviously was building a new church, while Rankin insisted that the Methodists must continue as they were in England, societies dedicated to greater piety within the Church of England.

Asbury correctly gauged the temper of the people. He sensed that there would never be a Methodist Church in America so long as it was tied to a movement administered from England. At the outbreak of the Revolution, most of Wesley's preachers fled back to England—but not Asbury. "Neither is it the part of a good shepherd," he wrote in his journal, "to leave his flock in time of danger."

Asbury rallied his lay clergy and proved his loyalty to the American cause. By war's end, there were 14,988 Methodists in the former colonies, with 83 preachers (not one of them ordained) on 43 circuits, and with 200 to 300 local, part-time preachers.

Now Dr. Thomas Coke appeared, ordained and sent by Wesley with the power to ordain clergy. Wesley believed the episcopacy is not an order, but an office, and that he had the right to ordain. He offered Asbury the general superintendency of American Methodism. Asbury refused. He told Coke he could accept such an assignment only from the American preachers: they would elect him and he would be responsible only to them. Moreover, though he had been preaching two decades, he was not an ordained minister!

THE year was 1784—and events slipped into high gear. To Baltimore for the Christmas season, preachers were summoned for a conference. Asbury was elected to deacon's orders on Saturday, Christmas Day, ordained an elder on Sunday, elected and consecrated as "superintendent" on Monday, to serve with Coke as "co-superintendents." And the Methodist Episcopal Church—with its superintendents to be known thereafter as bishops—was on its way.

Fortunately, Coke did not remain in permanent residence, though he returned for visits nine times. Thus Asbury was free to develop the new church in his own way. Being bishop, he could ordain his preachers. He proceeded to do so—and hang the formalities!

The 1789 conference, over which Asbury presided, sparked the Methodist Book Concern, now the Methodist Publishing House. In a short time, every itinerant preacher's saddlebag was bulging as Bibles, tracts, sermons, and cultural pamphlets of Methodism were scattered throughout the young nation. Asbury started one of the first American Sunday schools in 1786, at the home of Thomas Crenshaw, in Hanover County, Va., and helped spread the idea throughout Protestantism. The next year, Cokesbury, Methodism's first—but short-lived—college, planned by Asbury and John Dickins, was launched at Abingdon, Md.

Everything had to be done, almost literally, by Asbury himself. His coworkers were pitifully inadequate for any duty except preaching. Of the

preachers attending the famous Christmas Conference in Baltimore, none except John Dickins ever had the equivalent of a high-school education and, of course, no theological training. Of these amateurs, 66 had been in the ministry under five years; 23 were youngsters on probation.

Preachers who wanted to start homes—and do better than a $64 annual salary—were a vexation to Asbury. He opposed a married clergy, but with limited success. Between 1792 and 1800, he saw 221 preachers leave the circuits to marry. He was constantly training new men. Asbury was an old man before a real leadership developed within the church.

His genius in planting new churches has been compared to St. Paul's. As he traveled, he noted the destination of pioneers moving west and, knowing how Methodist personal religious experience would stir their hearts, he dispatched fire-eating evangelists. Their work done, they moved on, to be followed by less spectacular men whom Asbury sent out to consolidate the converts into Methodist societies.

His sense of timing was shown again in 1789, when George Washington became president. Asbury persuaded his conference to endorse the new government, then he and Coke hurried to the president with a written pledge of allegiance. Methodists thus were the first church to sustain publicly the new government—a bit of effective public relations.

Asbury believed in simplicity, and as churches were organized and chapels built he insisted that they have no steeples, bells, organs, or other frills. "Let all our chapels be built plain and decent," he wrote, "but no more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable: otherwise the necessity of raising money will make rich men necessary to us." This injunction was written into *The Discipline* of 1784, and was not dropped until 1872.

The church's persistent attack on the liquor evil began about this time, also, in sermons by Asbury. This crystallized in 1780 when the conference voted to expel any preachers who tippled, although Wesley was not averse to a pint of ale for his clergy after a sermon. In 1783 Methodists were forbidden to manufacture or sell spirits, and Methodism emerged as a primary foe of demon rum.

On slavery, Asbury was equally adamant and went out of his way to demonstrate that Negroes should be accepted as citizens, not subjected to slavery. Traveling in 1788 toward Charleston, S.C., he saw a Negro fishing by a river. Asbury stopped; they talked for an hour. The Negro became a lay preacher, organized a church of 230 worshipers, and was admitted to the South Carolina Conference—in a slave state.

For years, Asbury had a volunteer body servant whom he had befriended and who thereafter, seeing Asbury's chronic illnesses, remained with him. This man was Harry Hosier, born a slave in Fayetteville, N.C. When Asbury preached indoors, an overflow crowd often collected outside. To these, Harry Hosier would preach. Evidently he was an expert, for once in Wilmington, Del., the overflow was so spellbound that a passer-by commented admiringly, "I can see why that Asbury is a bishop." One of the listeners corrected him. "Man, that's not the bishop; that's his servant." At that the passer-by exclaimed, "Glory, if *that* is the servant, what must the master be!"

Asbury was ever alert for new conquests and would interrupt his precious schedule, if need be, to make a fruitful contact. In 1777 he heard in Baltimore that Annapolis was a sinful and worldly town. He went there and preached in the street to half a dozen idlers. In three months, he had developed a permanent Methodist society—and his farewell sermon was heard by 400 persons.

In 1815, after 44 years of furious activity, Asbury wrote one night in his journal, "I must halt, or order my grave." But he did not know how to quit. He must attend one more Annual Conference, must ride his circuit just once more. Starting in the Carolinas, he set out northward, preaching as he rode. At Spotsylvania, Va., he fell in fatigue from his horse and was taken to the home of a friend where he died while planning a sermon for the morrow. But by now, Methodism was secure. A new generation, trained in institutions Asbury had helped found, had already taken over.

Many epitaphs have been written for "the prophet of the long road," but only one has ever succinctly summed him up. It was written by his fellow preacher, Freeborn Garrettson, and says: "He prayed the best, and prayed the most, of any man I ever knew."

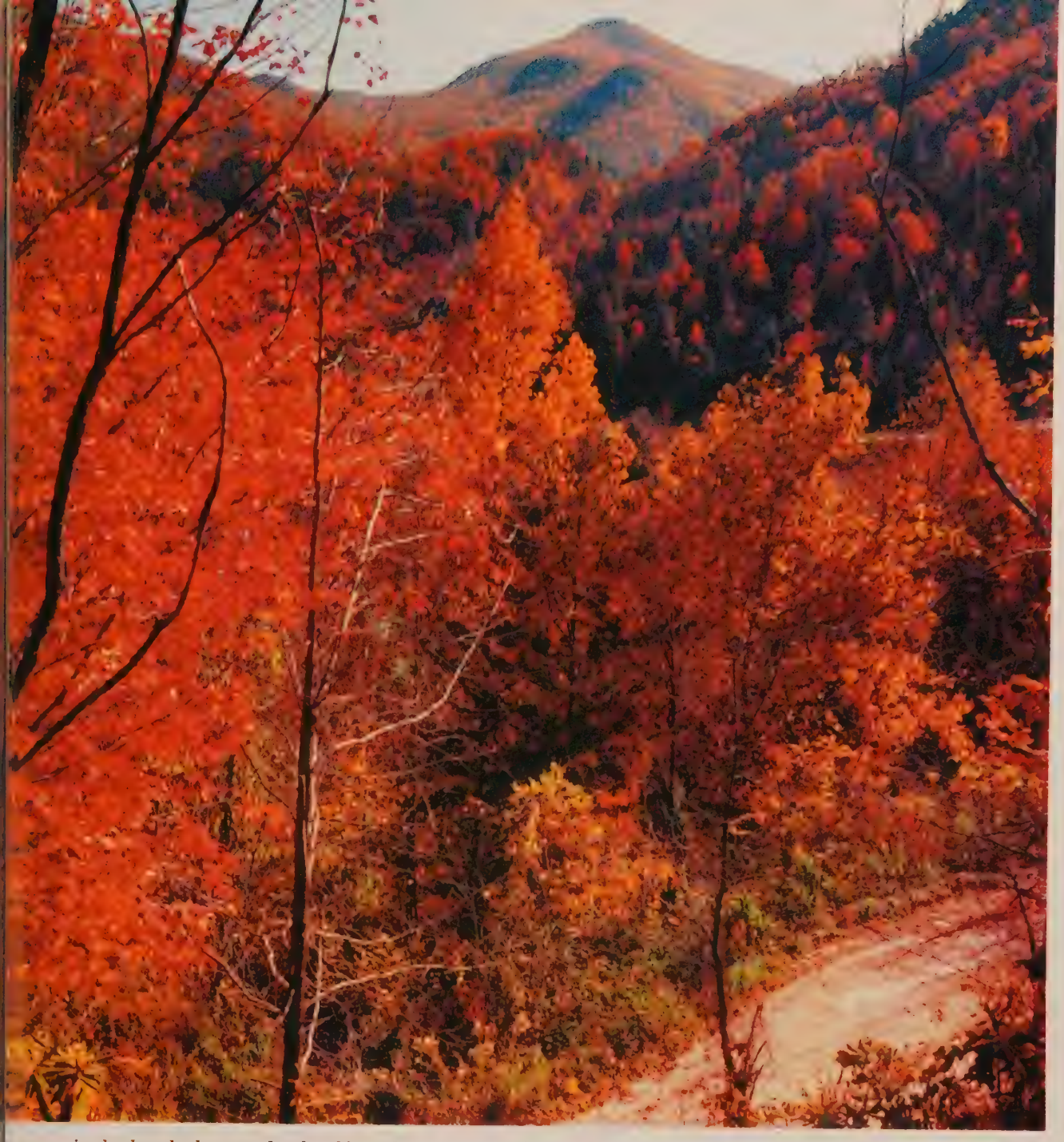
Soon You Can Read Bishop Asbury's Journal

FRANCIS ASBURY was making history as he preached in young America—and he knew it. Despite fatigue and difficulties, he meticulously kept a daily journal—with few breaks—from 1771 to 1815. And these jottings are, as historian William Dykeman wrote, "marvels of candor and complaint, ardor and anger—always interesting."

The *Journals* were published in 1821, the last reprint being in 1852. Recognizing their value to American history, the National Historical Publications Commission included Asbury among the 66 great Americans whose works were recommended for publication by the government. Asbury's *Journals* and letters, many heretofore unpublished, will soon appear in three volumes, published jointly by the Epworth Press of Great Britain and the Abingdon Press of the U.S. Publication of the *Journals* has been recommended by the National Historical Publications Commission of the U.S. government, and is sponsored by the World Methodist Council.

A capable coterie of historians, directed by Dr. Elmer T. Clark, executive secretary of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies, has been at work for eight years gathering materials and preparing supplementary notes. Maps will enable readers to trace Asbury's travels.

The three volumes ($21) will be available at the Methodist Publishing House nearest your home.



were in doubt whether to take the old or the new route..." From Asbury's Journal.

In the Smokies

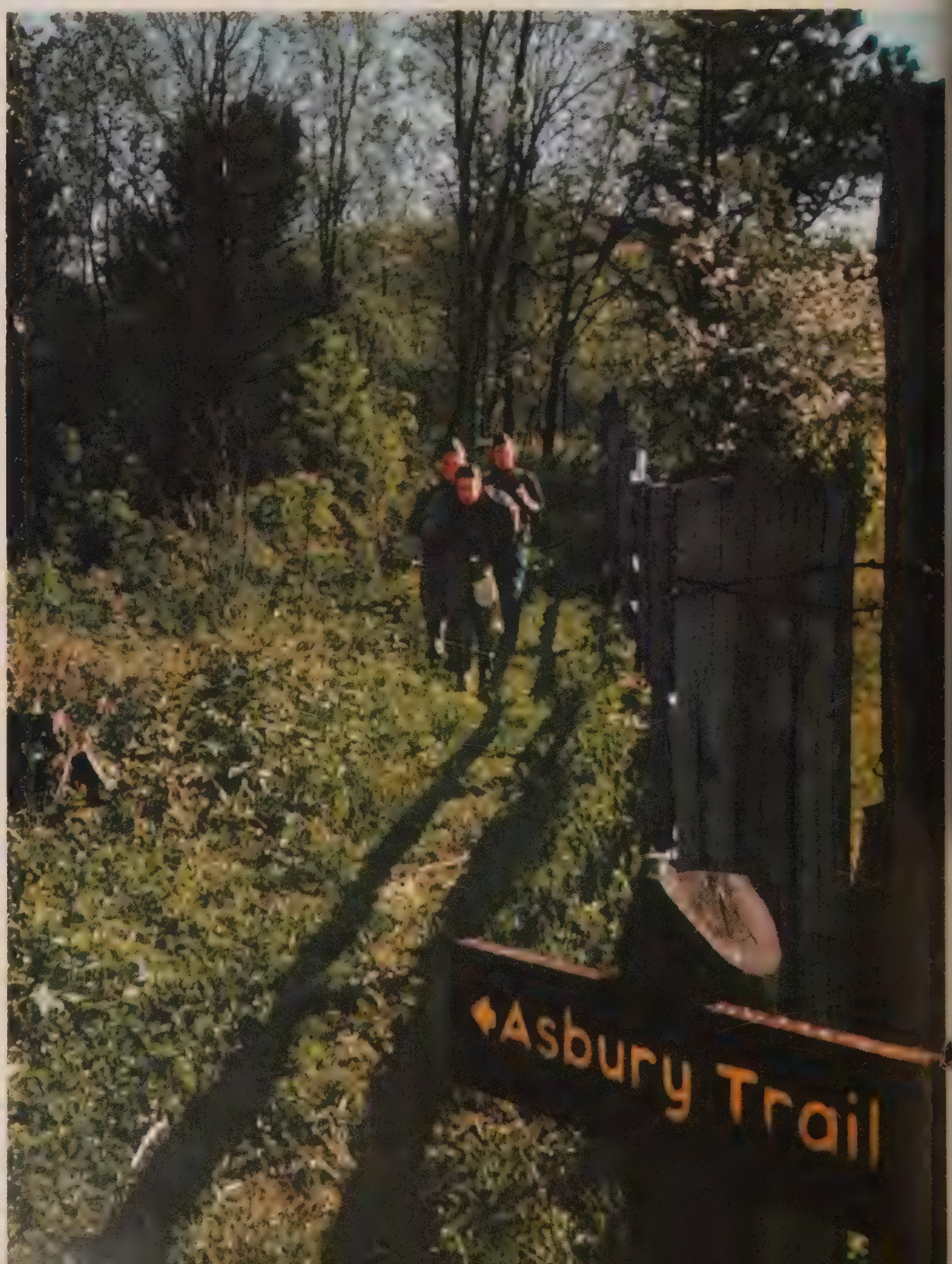
Along the Asbury Trail

HEAPED HIGH by the hand of God where Tennessee and North Carolina meet are the rock-breasted Great Smoky Mountains. Each year now, some 3 million visitors journey through them, making them America's favorite national park. Few vacationers gliding over asphalt high-

Methodism's host church to the nation at Gatlinburg, Tennessee, in the Great Smokies.

ways know that along the eastern fringe an ancient trail weaves through the wild beauty of dense forests and mist-veiled peaks. The Cherokees called it Cataloochee. On modern maps it's the Asbury Trail, for back in 1810 Bishop Francis Asbury and three intrepid preachers trod it as they ministered to Methodist families strung along the frontier of a young nation surging westward.

Today it's a challenge to Explorer Scouts. Those who traverse it win the Asbury Trail Award of the Western North Carolina Historical Association and the Boy Scouts of America. The route winds 23 rugged miles from Davenport Gap in Tennessee to Clyde on the North Carolina side—and it's definitely not for the tenderfoot!

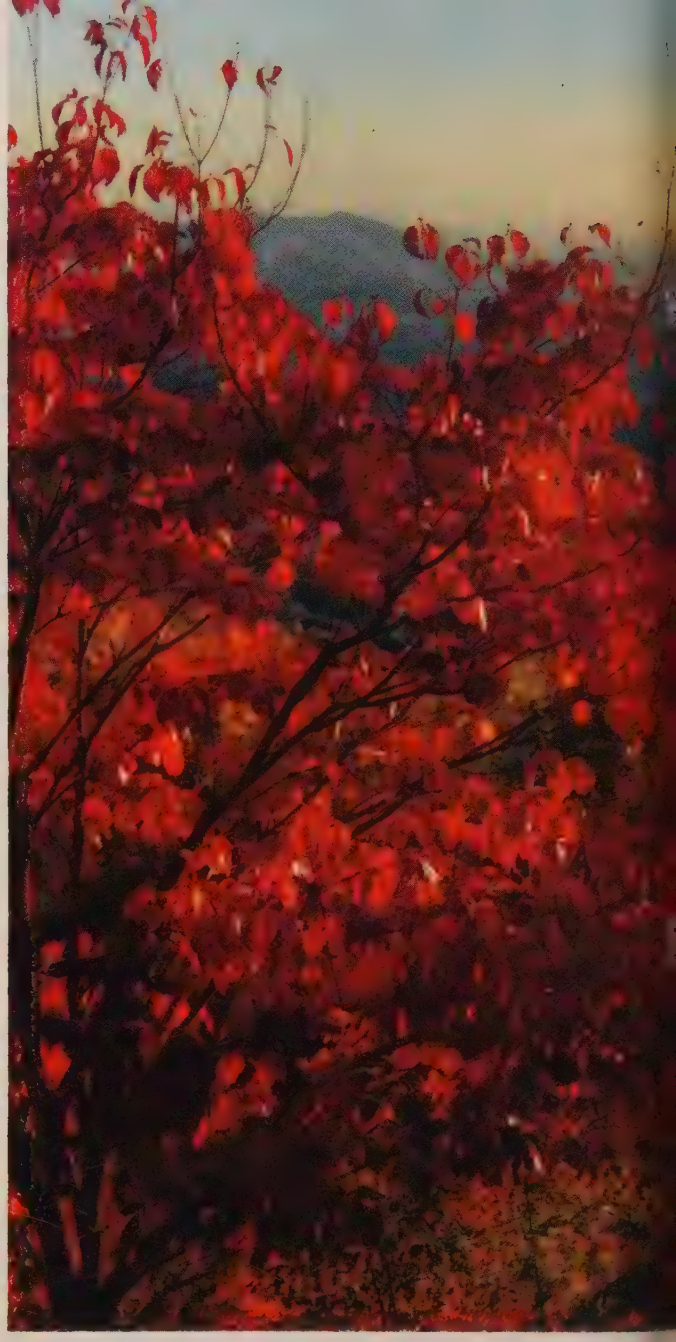


***Starting out** along the Asbury Trail: Three North Carolina Scouts leave civilization behind and begin their climb into the high Smokies near the national park's boundary line.*

***Looking up** that long, long trail: Wayne Stahl, a Scout from Lake Junaluska, N.C., takes a midmorning break near Cove Creek Gap (elevation 4,062 feet). It may well have been this spot to which Asbury referred when he wrote in his* Journal: *"But O, the mountain—height after height, and five miles over." Asbury had reason to dread, as any hiker should, the frequent fogs of freezing vapor that sweep high ridges from early fall into late spring. In all seasons, the Smoky Mountains are subject to unusual and unpredictable weather changes. In summer it is not unusual to see three thunderstorms raging at once.*

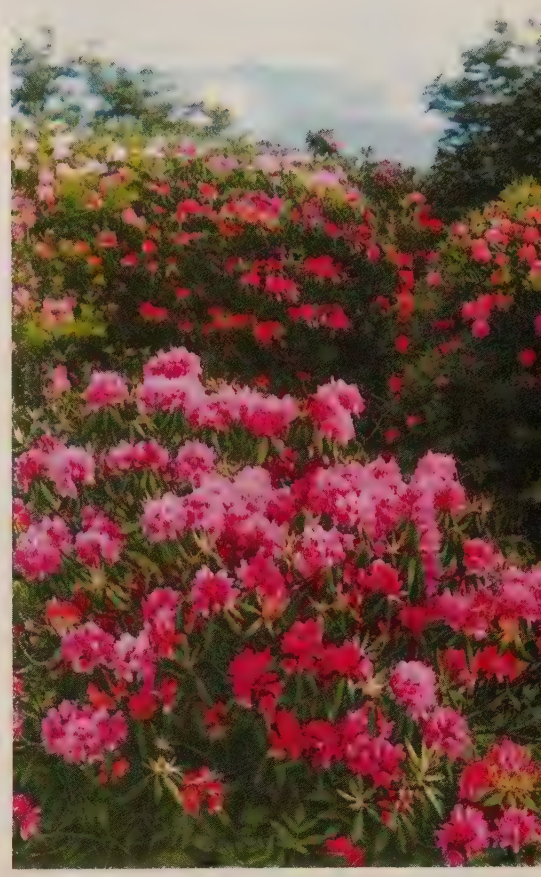
Along the Asbury Trail . . .

***Cool waters** of the Cataloochee have soothed the tired feet of many a hiker on the Asbury Trail. But in November, 1810, the Prophet of the Long Road had little reason to rejoice: "Our troubles began," he wrote, "at the foaming, roaring stream, which hid the rocks." He crossed on a fallen log near this spot—on a log similar to the one David Ensley and Bill Stahl now are sitting upon.*



***Changeless and eternal:** These are the jumbled heights and misty glens that greeted Asbury as he crossed the Smokies from Tennessee into North Carolina. In autumn, few spots on earth can equal the riot of color that flares here—for this forest is truly primeval. Here nature lovers find some of the most abundant and varied vegetation on the continent.*

***Man's handiwork** appears b*
that of God as the hiker descen
trail into North Carolina. This ra
is like those built by early set
who made Asbury welcome
pioneer hospit



Rhododendron: *From mid-June until mid-July this showy plant spreads purple, rose, and white from one end of Asbury Trail to the other. It may be found above the 6,000-foot level and must have been seen often by the steadfast Methodist circuit rider who crossed the Appalachians scores of times by various routes.*

Along the Asbury Trail

***Side trail** to Cherokee Village in North Carolina brings the hiker to this beautiful building of native stone. Methodists began mission work here a century ago.*

***Living museum:** Mrs. Betty George, full-blood Cherokee and member of the Methodist Center, shows a group of sixth graders from Sylva, N.C., how her ancestors beat meal in the primitive manner. Before the first white men arrived, the Cherokee knew nothing of the wheel or metal work. The museum—known as Oconaluftee Indian Village—is a full-size and authentic replica of an 18th-century Cherokee community. Its artifacts date back 5,000 years or more.*

***t moment** near the end of the Asbury Trail. Scouts stop to worship in Memorial Chapel, Junaluska, N.C., summer assembly of the eastern Jurisdiction of Methodist Church.*

***ed all dreams** of Francis Asbury in 1810 is orld Methodist Building at Lake Junaluska. imer Clark shows the Scouts his collection esleyana, one of the world's finest. In the round is a recent portrait of Bishop Asbury.*

***Symbol of the faith** that carried Asbury on his ceaseless journeys is this great electric cross at Lake Junaluska. Bishop Asbury is credited with being the father of American Methodism.*

End of the Asbury Trail

Late on the evening of the second day, the Asbury party put up for the night at the home of Jacob Shook, son of a Dutch immigrant and Revolutionary soldier. This home, believed to be the first frame house built in the county, is still standing near Clyde, N.C., and is set off by a historical marker (left). Attic room used for preaching has been preserved with pulpit and chair. After remaining here overnight, Asbury rode on to Asheville, some 25 miles away.

Teens Together

with ex-teen-ager Dr. Richmond Barbour

Talking it over with "Dick" Richmond Barbour (left) helps.

Would a psychologist say a girl really can be in love at 14? Or e psychologists think they just crushes?—E.C.

No psychologist would say that love is impossible at 14. How- rushes are much more likely. To guish, wait and see. Love lasts. es don't.

I had a special girl friend all through the grades. Now we're h school and she has changed. es with older cats. She laughs at ngs we girls used to believe. I o argue with her, but she got he said all she asks of me is left alone. How can I make her —J.B.

People change in their teens. Friendships are broken and that Many young people go through periods of change, of wildness, form. You'd better just wait e. If you try to force her you'll matters worse.

My father is a fine man, but sometimes he gets mad at me. lls so loud the whole neighbor- ears him. I'm 15 and bigger than Other men yell at their teen-agers, hen it's your own dad it's worse. ver used to yell. Why does he —J.A.

Most fathers who shout at their young people are sorry soon ard. One theory is that they are reacting subconsciously to the challenge presented by their teen-agers. They've been the boss at home. Now their big sons and daughters challenge their position. Threatened, they react strongly. I hope you won't blame your dad too much, nor he you. Do all you can to avoid fights and try not to talk back. Don't do the things you know irritate him. Get your mother to act as peacemaker. Before long your father will begin to take pride in your maturity and independence. Then things will be better for both of you.

Q *I'm a girl of 14. I have fun joking and talking with a neighbor who is 25 and has a swell sense of humor. My mother is concerned about the time I spend at his house and asks me to stay away. What's wrong with being neighborly?—B.A.*

A There are things which could be wrong. My advice is, do as your mother requests.

Q *I'm 15. My father deserted my mother and me. He left a note saying he was tired of us both. I'm almost sick. I always took all my worries to him and I trusted him. Now I have a hard time thinking clearly. What should I do?—J.F.*

A One of the most difficult lessons life teaches us is that our parents are human and can make terrible mistakes. Girls and boys who learn that lesson in their teens are sure to be confused and to suffer. Is there anyone at church or school you admire and trust? Your Sunday-school teacher? A school counselor? Or could you go to your minister? Talk things over with a wise adult friend frequently. Don't ask for answers. Instead, ask for help as you seek your own answers. Gradually your peace of mind should return and you should be able to think clearly again.

Q *I'm a 15-year-old girl and love my boy friend. I'm at the top of the honors list for girls and he's at the top for boys. We both study the Bible and try to serve Christ. I dream of marrying this boy. Mother says this is only a teen-age crush; my father whistles as if calling our dog, then says, 'puppy-puppy-puppy love.' It hurts. Do you think my love is puppy love?—A.N.*

A Let's not say "puppy love." It implies all the wrong things. Your parents are wrong to tease you. As to whether your feeling is permanent, there is no way to tell. With some couples a teen-age relationship blossoms into a fine marriage; with others it dies out quickly. Time will tell.

Q *I'm 16 and date a boy of 19 who wants to marry me. He is a Catholic and I'm a Methodist. He says after we marry I must become a Catholic and raise our children as Catholics. I love my parents. They would never want me to agree to that. Can Catholics and Protestants be happy?—K.R.*

A They can, but they face many special problems. Look up *If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic,* by Bishop H. Clifford North-

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

No Time for Sergeants: Family (+)

Andy Griffith is a Georgia hillbilly drafted into the Air Force. Single-handedly—by his innate good humor and naïve helpfulness—he turns the carefully fitted routine of military regulations into a farce. Myron McCormick is the sergeant whose fate is worse than death—he has to supervise the training of this A-bomb of good will. The results are hilarious.

Cry Terror: Adult (—)

A half million dollars—that's what Rod Steiger demands. Unless he gets it, in small bills, he will blow up a passenger plane in the air, with a time bomb. He also will kill his hostages—Inger Stevens, James Mason, and their five-year-old daughter. A grim race against time adds pace and suspense to this strong film, which has a full quota of menacing psychopaths, dope addicts, and gangsters.

The Light in the Forest: Family (+)

A first-rate film for the family audience. This is a story of pre-Revolutionary days when a white boy, James MacArthur, is captured by the Delaware Indians and reared as the chief's son. With this training, MacArthur thinks as an Indian and does not want to return to the white man's settlement. Fess Parker, as an understanding friend, is co-starred along with Wendell Corey and Joanne Dru. The film is exciting, but does not contain the usual violence. MacArthur eventually becomes a spokesman for British tolerance of Indians, since he knows and appreciates their culture.

The Vikings: Adult (—)

The romantic adventures of eighth- and ninth-century Northmen, as brought to the screen in this realistic film, are seen to be vicious raids of murder and pillage involving sadistic torture of enemies, wild orgies of drunkenness, and fanatical worship of Odin, their god of war. This is a lavish, authentic, but thoroughly brutal production. Ernest Borgnine is the Viking regent, Kirk Douglas his son and heir, Tony Curtis an illegitimate son, and Janet Leigh a princess from Wales. The fog, the fear, the superstitious customs of those early days—all are here in minute and gruesome detail.

Hot Spell: Adult (+)

Events in this film from the stage play, *Next of Kin,* happen rapidly, in a few short hours during a summer hot spell. Shirley Booth knows—but refuses to admit—that her husband, Anthony Quinn, is unfaithful. Their teen-aged children, headed by Shirley Maclaine, see through her self-deception and warn her against constantly living in the past, when the family was close. After Quinn has left her and been killed in an auto accident with the girl he is taking to Florida, his wife learns too late that everyone is on a one-way street on which there is no turning back.

Maracaibo: Adults (—)

This is a sprawling, colorful film about the oil wells of Maracaibo, Venezuela, and a man (Cornel Wilde) who can extinguish explosive oil-well fires. Cornel is equally successful in putting out the fires of passion for his former girl friend, Abbe Lane, when a new one, Jean Wallace, strolls into his life. Maracaibo also is the name of a potent alcoholic drink, which flows almost as freely as the oil.

The Law and Jake Wade: Adults (—)

In this spectacular Western, Richard Widmark and Robert Taylor hate each other but share a mutual obligation that must be satisfied before the final gun battle. The action is dynamic, scenery and camera work superb, the plot full of unexpected developments, the dialogue crisp, and the characterizations excellent. But all these assets do not justify the "good guy"—the marshal—in springing a murderer out of jail and letting him victimize the countryside again.

cott in TOGETHER [November, 1956, page 27]. I think it is best for Catholic girls and boys to go together, and Protestants to go together. Then they don't risk falling in love and creating potentially difficult marriages. Other things being equal, it's best for people both to date and marry within their own religious groups.

Q *I'm a girl of 13 with a baby sister, eight. My folks make me go to bed at 8:30. Yet they let my baby sister stay up until 8:30, too. They tell me I've always needed more sleep than most kids my age. They say my sister has needed less. Is that fair?—M.V.*

A There are great differences in the amount of sleep people need. Some grownups need nine or 10 hours, others get along fine with six or seven. Teen-agers should figure out with their folks the amount they need. Chances are your parents are right.

Q *My brother, 19, was killed in an accident recently. I'm 15. We used to quarrel. I never truly appreciated him. Now I judge everything on the basis of what he would say. My friends think I'm wrong. They believe I should judge for myself. Are they right?—G.D.*

A Time will help. You'll soon find yourself judging things independently. It is natural that you should feel this way now. But in the long run your friends are right.

Q *My twin sister and I are 14. Our parents treat me exactly the same way they treat her. Shouldn't boys have more freedom than girls?—B.M.*

A Many people think so, but I don't. The double standard can lead to trouble. Responsible young people should have more liberty than irresponsible ones. Freedom should not depend upon sex, but upon strength of character.

WHAT TO DO? *If you have a question, Dr. Barbour, head of the San Diego public-school counseling system, may have the answer. Write him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Names and addresses of querying teens are held in confidence.*

"I decided right then to make an act of my stutter. . . . They laughed, slapped my back, and I was one of them."

How I Cured My Stuttering

By Jim Scott

I KIDDED myself out of stuttering. Instead of hiding it under a cloak of silence, I luckily learned to project my stutter at every opportunity. I laughed at it as if it were a prized possession denied others. When my tension disappeared, with it went the stutter!

Its departure was so gradual I never realized that I'd stumbled upon the proper treatment of stuttering and stammering until recently when I read a newspaper story. It said Joseph Sheehan, assistant professor of psychology at the University of California in Los Angeles, advises stutterers to practice stuttering. It's to gain vocal control as a first step toward removing the defect.

It all brought back sharp memories, for I had started stuttering shortly after learning to talk. Not even a crippled youngster, I'm sure, suffers so acutely during his school days as does the stutterer. Forever conscious of his disability, he feels condemned to silence or embarrassment—and finds few moments of real happiness.

Through my first five years of school I rarely raised my hand—except to leave the room.

Often I knew the answer to the teacher's question when the rest of the class was stumped, but seldom did I speak up. When I did, I'd stutter if the answer took more than three words. Then came the inevitable and I'd promptly sit down.

My fourth-grade teacher, a well-meaning, middle-aged woman, hurt me most. Seared on my memory is her reprimand at the time a boy guffawed at one of my nightmarish recitations. Repeating a line that the class had read a few days before, she said:

"Laugh not at old age, my child, nor at deformed persons."

This tactless advice set me further apart from my classmates, and my stutter worsened.

About that time my father promised me a new bicycle if I would stop stuttering—as if it were something I could control!

But I really tried. I made a list of the words that tripped me and learned synonyms for them. It in-

creased my vocabulary, that was all.

I also developed a crutch—a hesitation as my tongue started to falter and I'd say: "Uh, uh, uh . . ." as a diving board on which to spring off. Sometimes I would run off a dozen "uhs." It annoyed my listener more than would the stutter, but I was trapped and helpless by my own devices.

Yet at home, alone in my room, I could speak or read for hours without a stutter. So I became a loner—practicing basketball on the school playground when no other kids were around.

Looking to the future, I decided I would become a newspaperman. I was naïve, of course, but I reasoned that if I could write well, I wouldn't have to talk.

Then one Saturday afternoon I dropped into the movie theater in our small Midwest town. My classmates went up front, so I took a seat in the back row. The movie was enjoyable till Roscoe Ates, the stuttering comedian, went into his act. I cringed as a kid up front shouted: "Hey, there's Jim Scott!"

But as I slunk deeper into my seat and the picture developed, I noticed something. People were laughing not at Ates, but with him!

Ates had capitalized on his stutter just as Buster Keaton had his frozen face, Martha Raye her large mouth, and Jimmy Durante his outsized nose.

"Accentuate the positive," Durante later was to put it.

I DECIDED right then to make an act of my stutter.

Joining some of the boys after the movie, I told them: "I'm going to Hollywood, fellows. S-S-S-Shucks, I can stutter better than R-R-R-Roscoe." They laughed, slapped my back, and I was one of them.

Soon I began to realize that whenever I spoke of my stutter in jest, I didn't stutter. To keep in my new character, however, I would deliberately turn it on.

So throughout high-school days, I made no effort to conceal my stutter, which was now subsiding. If a word trapped me, I'd stop short and probably wisecrack, "Zip my lip—here it comes." My classmates chortled with me, and steadily the stutter retreated farther and farther into my limbo.

Later while on a college basketball squad I was reunited with a friend of elementary-school days who had moved to another town. Something was troubling him as we talked after our first workout.

"What's the matter, Rabbit?" I asked. "Something wrong?"

"Oh, I was just wondering," Rabbit stammered. "What happened to your stutter?"

I just grinned and kept my secret. Stutter or not, I held to my resolve to become a newspaperman and an author. Since that time I have written profusely for newspapers, magazines, and television. But it never occurred to me that the tale of my stutter was worth telling until I learned how UCLA's Professor Sheehan was telling victims to stutter away on purpose—my old method.

"Stuttering is the result of fear and conflict," he later told me. "Once the defect is dragged out into the open, most of the fear is allayed."

His techniques stem from a theory on habits, developed by the late Dr. Knight Dunlap, professor of psychology at UCLA. It was Dunlap's idea that habits are hard to break because they are involuntary. He reasoned that, by practicing them until they become voluntary, they could be brought under control.

Sheehan had been even a worse stutterer than I. He had studied chemistry at Michigan because in the laboratory he wouldn't have to talk.

Once in Chicago he tried to buy a railroad ticket to his home in Battle Creek, but couldn't say Battle Creek. It was tougher because behind him was a long, impatient queue. He thought of the next stop: Jackson. That was rough, too. So he bought a ticket to Ann Arbor, still farther along the line, and got off at Battle Creek.

Eventually, he was referred to Charles Van Riper, a speech professor. His success under Van Riper was only partial. But later when he eliminated nearly every trace of his disability, Sheehan gave up chemistry and dedicated his life to helping others find normal speech.

America now has about a million and a half stutterers, and many of them are being victimized by quacks. Most of their methods are useless carry-overs from the 19th century but, fortunately, the tongue no longer is mutilated.

Dr. Sheehan is stamping out stuttering by having his students face up to the disability.

"Okay," he will tell his students, "so you stutter. Since you do, admit it, face it, accept it, and go ahead and say things even if you do stumble. When you conquer your fear of stuttering, you'll stop stuttering."

One student told the class how he had been unable to order meals in a restaurant satisfactorily until he had conquered his fear. Another student explained how, without the benefit of his wife, he was stopping the holes in his socks. Formerly he had to order the wrong size, 10 or 12—because he couldn't say "11." But no more!

These successful experiences Dr. Sheehan calls "trophies." Students are still grinning over them as he moves into another stage of his therapy. It's stuttering on purpose in order to lose their fear of it. And soon they find they can control the disability.

WHEN does stuttering start? Usually at the age of three or four, authorities say. Often children groping for words have a tendency to hesitate, repeating a syllable such as "da-da-da." Or when they're excited, their words may tangle or topple over each other.

Trouble starts when tots are made self-conscious about their speech deficiencies. Wise parents don't interrupt their babble with correction or, what is worse, derision.

If your child stutters a bit, ignore it. Then be sure your own speech pattern is a good one. Children are born imitators. That's the chief way they learn. Accept your little stutterer, and never let him be unsure of your love, for that's what the approval-craving little rascal wants above all else. Chances are he will, in time, outgrow his trouble.

Four out of five children with speech defects are normal organically. But if the trouble continues well into school age, consult a speech expert. Too long a delay can cause personality defects.

That was my trouble. If you have a stutter, don't repress it. Drag it out into the open. Once you face your fear, your stutter will go. I know.

He was aloof and self-sufficient—until the day the life of a small boy hung in balance.

Arctic Adventure

By RUSSELL ANNABEL

Lifting Jim, he struck out for the Eskimo village.

NE gray afternoon late in winter of 1927 my friend, Brant, oneer Alaska bush pilot, landed plane at Anchorage and headed hotel. He had come in from rctic Circle with a load of mail, dust, and furs. The six-hour had been a rough one because gusty head wind; the plane's had quit and the cockpit temure had been 20 below zero. ever, Brant had spent most of evious night working on his by lantern light, hence he was red and chilled to the marrow. he felt like doing, as he told er, was locking himself in his nd sleeping for a week.

the desk clerk had a message n. "A clergyman has been lookor you. He wants to see you as as you check in."

on't tell him I'm here," Brant led. "I've got to get some sleep."

this time, Brant was a strange, , black-browed chap, handsome oughhewn way, who apparentlieved in nothing but himself. ad no intimate friends and t none. I had known him since st came north and had often him say that friendship was a of sentiment, and that sentiindicated weakness of char- He was arrogant and few liked him, but none denied that he was a master airman.

In his hotel room he had pulled off his flying clothes and was sitting on the bed, grateful for the warmth and quiet of the room, when a knock sounded on the door. "Come in," he said, scowling. A man in clerical garb entered. He was a shrewd little spruce knot of a churchman, respected by the sourdoughs as one who, when he wanted something, invariably got it in one way or another. He greeted Brant and held out a radiogram.

"I've received news of a bad bit of trouble," he said, "and have been waiting to ask your help."

The radiogram was signed by the white schoolteacher at an Eskimo fishing and hunting village on the Kuskokwim River west of the Alaska

Range. It stated that a native child had been attacked by a pack of Malemute dogs; immediate medical care was imperative to save the child's life. The teacher urgently requested that an airplane be sent to the village to fly the child to the government hospital at Anchorage. Brant read the message, shrugged, and handed it back.

"I won't go," he announced.

THERE was a storm over the Alaska Range, the flier explained, and it was so late in the day now that even if a man got through to the village he would have to land in the dark on the river ice, which might be ridged by drifts. Furthermore, he was in no condition to attempt a long flight in storm and darkness. It was too bad about the Eskimo child, but why didn't they ask some other pilot to make the mercy flight?

The determined little man of God pointed out that there was no other pilot then in town who stood a chance of completing such a flight, and that if Brant refused he was condemning the child to death. He pictured the child's parents waiting and hoping; he asked Brant to imagine their anxiety and, if he failed them, their despair. He talked until at last Brant angrily rose and said, "Save it for Sunday. I'll go."

Rainy Pass, the narrow, twisting aerial route through the sky-towering peaks of the Alaska Range, was no bargain in daylight and clear weather, and the conditions under which Brant flew it were murderous. With blizzard snow plastering his windshield, wind squalls tossing the plane, and the summits and canyon walls rushing at him out of nothingness, he avoided disaster time after time only by superb skill. He found the South Fork of the Kuskokwim and set a compass course across the misty lowlands. It was cold in the plane, but he felt the nervous sweat of tension as the minute hand of his watch crept around and no recognizable landmark emerged from the gloom.

Then, on the black rim of the night, points of light appeared in twin rows. A surge of relief rose in him. The Eskimos had set out torches soaked in fish oil to mark a safe landing place. He circled the village, then eased the plane down. Fur-clad men, surrounding him as he stepped out on the frozen river, formed a noisy escort as he climbed the bank to the huddle of huts, the line of fish racks, and the horde of yammering dogs. He told the Eskimos he was stopping overnight and asked for a place to sleep, but they took him instead to the hut of the couple whose child was injured.

"In an emergency like this," the teacher protested, "we thought you'd surely go back tonight."

Brant turned on him savagely. "Who asked you what you thought?" he barked. But after he had seen what the dogs had done to the child, and had listened to the pleading of the mother—a young, mission-reared Eskimo known as Ann Second Chief—he made a wry grimace of resignation. "Okay," he said, "I'll start back as soon as I've had some food."

The flight back was a nightmare—violent and interminable. Dawn was streaking the east when he slanted down to the golf course which then served Anchorage as an airfield. He was guided in by the headlights of automobiles which residents had thoughtfully ranged about the strip. Word of his mercy flight had spread and a crowd had gathered quickly when his engine was heard overhead. People congratulated him as he carried the injured Eskimo child to the ambulance, but Brant shouldered through them, dour and silent. He was on the road, heading for the hotel, stumbling with weariness, when Ann Second Chief caught his hand.

"Mister Brant," she said, "we thank you."

"All right," Brant said.

"Tell me, how much do we owe you?"

"Forget it." He turned away. "You can't pay for a flight like that."

Ann Second Chief stared after him, hurt by his brusqueness, but then suddenly she smiled.

"You are a kind, wise man. You have taught me a lesson I will always remember."

TIME passed, and I think Brant all but forgot the incident. In the meantime, he had become engaged to a charming widow with a seven-year-old son, Jim, to whom Brant was a hero. The pilot cherished the boy as only a lonely man can cherish a child. He took him on flights and the two became a familiar sight in the camps and settlements—the tall, black-browed airman and the youngster in helmet, leather jacket, and flying boots. They walked always hand in hand together, happy in each other's company.

Otherwise, Brant remained unchanged; he was still unfriendly and remote. The few of us who had his interests at heart hoped that something would cause him to thaw out. I believe Brant's coldness and arrogance were only the defensive measures of a shy, sensitive man who kept a protective wall between himself and the world. But there was no denying that the effect was growing more unfortunate every day.

Talking with Brant one evening the preacher who had sent him on his mercy mission said, "Brant, you've got to realize that aviation is a public service. To be successful in it, you must have public good will. Your system is just the reverse and it will ruin you."

"You stick to your soul-saving," Brant said icily, "and I'll fly my airplane."

A MONTH or two after this, as the grip of another winter was clamping down in the north, Brant's luck ran out. It happened on a day when the thermometers were registering 40 below zero and the snow mirages were doing demon dances with the stark peaks of the Alaska Range. Brant, with Jim beside him in the cockpit, was returning from Nelson Island in the Bering Sea with a load of fox pelts, carved walrus ivory, and beach-grass baskets.

He refueled at Bethel and was homing on the grim portal of Rainy Pass when heavy ice began to form on his wings. It built up so fast that Brant was unable to maintain the plane's altitude.

"We're going down, Son," he said to the boy. "Cover your face with your arms. Try not to be frightened."

Jim grinned. "If you say don't be scared, I won't be," he said.

When they struck, a slab of ice ripped off the landing gear. The plane skidded on its belly across a line of drifts and slued with a jolting crash into the riverbank. Brant

with relief that the propeller and
s were undamaged. As he
d to Jim, he saw that the boy
unconscious and blood was
ming down his face.
ant couldn't call for help because
ad no radio. The nearest radio
15 miles distant—in the Eskimo
e from which Brant had taken
vith an injured child so long
Now, wrapping Jim in a parka
wolfskin robe, he took him in
rms and struck out for the vil-
It was dark when he smelled
e, heard the howling of dogs,
knew that he had reached the
At his shout, the native men
out with torches to meet him.
n instant he had the eerie feel-
hat time had slipped and it was
the night when he had landed
to pick up Ann Second Chief
aer child. He told the Eskimos
had happened, then said, "I
a clean, warm place for this boy.
I want to use your radio."
ir radio isn't working," an Es-
said apologetically. "A tube
d out."
Brant, this was like a death
ace. He carried the unconscious
the chief's hut and sat beside
hroughout the night. Believing
as dying, he was in a torment
f-condemnation, blaming him-
r what had happened. He told
erward that never until then
realized how alone he was in
orld. The thought of the great
would suffer if the boy died
him to the core. He began to
t Jim was being sacrificed to
im into full knowledge of his
as a member of society.
nos came and went, and there
sound of much activity, but
was oblivious to everything
m's labored breathing. At
when Ann Second Chief
ht him food, he waved it away.
Eskimo woman gazed at him
gly, then opened the door of
t and said, "You come look."
nt went to the door and looked
What he saw he could scarcely
.
the river ice stood his plane.
econd Chief told him that the
os, during the night, working
e cold and darkness, had
20 dog teams, lashed the plane
s, and hauled it to the village.
hey had managed somehow to

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

The Wildcat in Your Home

By ROY L. SMITH

TWO YOUNG WOMEN of Palo Alto, Calif., made a pet of a wildcat kitten. For six months it displayed none of its wild nature. Then one evening one girl was alone with the half-grown wildcat. Suddenly it began stalking her, snarling and baring its fangs. Every time the terrified girl started toward the phone to call for help, the wildcat lunged. For 90 minutes the struggle went on. Finally the phone was knocked to the floor; the operator heard screams and notified police.

The arrival of the officers ended the girl's ordeal. But there is a lesson in her experience for anyone capable of serious thinking.

Again, a young couple, active in church affairs, decided to broaden their circle of friends. They accepted an invitation to spend an evening with a crowd that "drank a little." In the course of time it became necessary to entertain their new friends in their home, and a few cocktails seemed necessary.

No one became drunk, no one was rowdy. But the wildcat kitten had entered into the home.

The young wife, having been introduced to the effect of alcohol, found herself in a low mood one day when left alone and to brace herself decided to take one little drink in private. The wildcat kitten was beginning to grow up.

From that point on the story runs true to pattern. The kitten grew up until it began to stalk her. One evening her husband came home and found her in a drunken sleep. With sickening speed she became a helpless victim of the habit. Finally, the home was at the point of breaking up and friends began whispering to each other, "She's an alcoholic, you know."

It is unfortunately true that our wildcats come in a wide variety of species. In all cases they are untamed, savage, vicious, and destructive. But when they are young they appear cute.

In one case it was as "innocent" a matter as winning a small prize in a bingo game that started a youth on his way to a gambler's doom. In another, it was a more or less "innocent affair" that wrecked a home and a marriage. In still another it was a matter of sleeping pills which led to drug addiction and tragedy.

Remember, wildcat kittens grow up—and when they are grown, they are killers.

repair the wrecked landing gear so the plane could take off.

At Anchorage a few hours later doctors told him that, thanks to prompt hospitalization, Jim would live.

As soon as possible, Brant flew back to the Eskimo village. He was a changed, thoughtful man. He humbly told the Eskimos how grateful he was for their aid at a time when he needed it most. Then he asked how much he owed them.

Ann Second Chief, replying with simple dignity for the village, shattered forever what remained of my friend Brant's creed of self-sufficiency and his disbelief in the brotherhood of man. Her statement completed the pattern of events that thawed the coldness from Brant's nature and made him a warm, likable man.

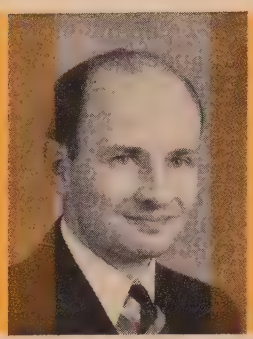
"You owe us nothing," she said, smiling. "Remember you taught us yourself that human goodness cannot be bought with money."

Light Unto My Path

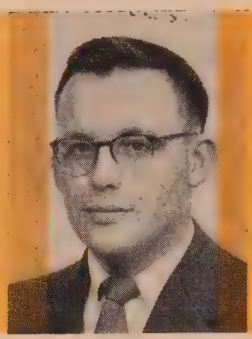
DAILY MEDITATIONS BY PASTORS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

Hiram C. Weld
Indianapolis, Ind.

Walter R. Willis
Texarkana, Tex.



Clarence Seidenspinner
Racine, Wis.



W. Nevell Razak
Ellingwood, Kan.

J. Turnbull Spicknall
Hagerstown, Md.

AUGUST 17

Let brotherly love continue. Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—Hebrews 13:1-2

HAVE YOU ever entertained an angel unawares? I have. Many times. There was the occasion, for example, when I was returning home from Europe and noticed on board ship a modest Chinese person who sat by himself day after day. Hoping to cheer him up, I started a conversation. He turned out to be Dr. P. C. Hshu, the brilliant Christian teacher and author who, among other things, had translated into Chinese some of the textbooks I had used in seminary. You can imagine how his wealth of spirit permanently enriched my life!

A similar experience occurred last winter when I traveled to Washington, D.C., in what turned out to be the worst blizzard of the century. Utter confusion prevailed. People turned into bewildered, milling sheep in railroad stations, airports, hotels, bus depots. About that time I discovered that the Negro gentleman in the roomette across from me was also going to Washington, but didn't know we were to change trains. Seeking to help him, I explained the schedule, which the blizzard soon changed. We had several difficult stopovers. But we helped each other through snowdrifts, cared for each other's luggage, and took turns getting coffee, a sandwich, or what scanty information there was. When we finally parted to the warmth of our separate hotels in Washington, he thanked me for my help—but I knew that without his help I still would have been back in the confusion of one of our stops.

Do we not all entertain "angels unawares" in such unexpected places in our moving, changing world? In our home or office, on the subway or in a plane? Jesus illustrated this in his parable of the Good Samaritan.

Prayer: Eternal God, thou who continually reveals thy love in the lives of others, grant us sensitivity to thy Spirit dwelling in them and responsiveness to thy will in our own hearts, that we may more worthily love thee, and be more effective channels of thy love in the affairs of our time, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—HIRAM C. WELD

AUGUST 24

And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and wonderful are thy deeds, O Lord God the Almighty! Just and true are thy ways, O King of the ages! Who shall not fear and glorify thy name, O Lord? For thou alone art holy. All nations shall come and worship thee, for thy judgments have been revealed."—Revelation 15:3-4

IN MY HOBBY of collecting crosses, I have found many interesting shaped ones, yet even more amazing are the beautiful legends and stories. In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia are found the "fairy" stones, shaped as crosses. According to legend, these mountains were the home of fairies who danced in joy and sang the glories of God from the mountaintops until the day a new fairy from a distant land came with the news that Christ had been crucified. The fairies wept, and as the tears fell upon the earth they were crystallized into pebbles in the form of a cross. The legend is old, but the crosses can still be found.

The cross is no longer a sign of defeat, but victory, thanks be unto God, our eternal Father of love. Our songs of today come from our hearts, out of yesterday's battles. Tomorrow we sing eternally.

Ours is the day to look up, beyond the satellites to the light of Heaven. God is the ruler yet, and Christians are purifying their souls, maturing in their understanding and extending the King-

, as they endure the taunts at
ol, jeers at socials, criticisms
ıe world; while being misun-
tood in business and overcom-
discouraging obstacles, and
e busy being the ambassadors
od's love and patience.
any disconcerting reports
g us tears today but the tri-
h of tomorrow belongs to
e who believe in him who is
nal, and work in his King-
, knowing that "all nations
come and worship before
; for thy judgments are made
ifest."

er: O Lord, our Lord, grant
rgiveness, patience, faith, and
to face this day. Help us to
and work in thy kingdom
that we may rejoice in thy
ence tomorrow. Amen.
—WALTER R. WILLIS

UST 31

So each of us shall give account of himself to God. Then let us no more pass judgment on one another, but rather decide never to put a stumbling block or hindrance in the way of a brother.—Romans 14:12-13.

ERE ARE two attitudes which you can take toward ner person. You can either him harshly and disparage or you can give him your rt. There are two attitudes n management and labor can toward one another. They heat one another by all the and legally permissible ds or they can help one r.

he Midwest, one community ering from one of the long- rikes on record. The town the plant is located and boring cities where part of abor force lives have been ized by outside visitors. of paint have been hurled gh the windows of workers efused to strike. Others have beaten. A mob prevented the ding of raw materials meant ep the plant in operation. In management took a pa- listic rather than a co- tive attitude toward its ers. The union claimed an al was kept at the plant in f trouble. Harsh words have spoken on both sides. A deep e of feeling has split the unity.

w much better it is when and management begin to understand one another by taking an active interest in their mutual problems. When gains and losses are shared, when management provides for the needs of labor and labor gives an honest day's work for a fair wage, the whole community prospers. After all, we are in the business of making a living together.

Prayer: O God, who hast granted us the miracle of life, enable us to honor and reverence it by our good will and generous help toward all people; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
—CLARENCE SEIDENSPINNER

SEPTEMBER 7

Whatever you do, put your whole heart and soul into it, as into work done for God, and not merely for men.—Colossians 3:23 (Phillips)

HE WAS ONLY a boiler attendant on one of the river boats which used to ply the Mississippi, but he went about his work with a vigor and enthusiasm which often put his younger co-laborers to shame. The boiler room in which he spent his days was spotless and the brass in his section of the ship shone from the loving care he lavished on it. One day a passenger noticed the condition of the boiler room and asked the attendant why he spent so much time on a section of the ship which so few people saw. With a gleam in his eyes, the old man replied, "Because I'se got a glory, suh, I'se got a glory."

How often we miss the "glory" of our daily round of work and play because we fail to realize that nothing is mean or meaningless in God's sight. Our most common doings and relationships, whether in family or factory, are opportunities to express our devotion to God. The most menial task or tiresome chore can be transformed into an act of worship when we remind ourselves that what we do for others we do for children of God, whether they realize that they are his children or not.

"Whatever" is a big word, but we worship a big God; a God who is big enough, as a matter of fact, to enhance our humblest activity and give dignity to our quietest relationships. Our response to this greatness is to live our lives with enthusiasm; the true enthusiasm which comes from the sure knowledge that our lives are undergirded by and bear witness to the love and purpose of God, from whom comes our real reward.

Prayer: Grant us, O God, the vision which will enable us to see thy face in the faces of those with whom and for whom we work in thy world. Amen.
—W. NEVELL RAZAK

SEPTEMBER 14

"He who is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much; and he who is dishonest in a very little is dishonest also in much."—Luke 16:10

IN A SMALL country store in Illinois, a tall, rawboned young man was clerking. One day a woman made a purchase and was given the wrong change. After the store closed late that evening, the lad walked miles to see that the woman was given her correct change. While to many this may have seemed a small thing, to him it mattered much. The lad grew to a rich manhood and became our most beloved president —Abraham Lincoln.

This quality of honesty which marked Lincoln's youth was one of the characteristics which is remembered most and which was responsible for the great contribution he made to life. It was his utter honesty in dealing with himself and his ideals that kept ever before him the picture of the young woman he saw sold into slavery and the promise he made to himself that if ever he had the chance to strike slavery he would hit it hard. He did!

Today, we Americans think in terms of "the biggest," "the best," and frequently we combine the adjectives to "the biggest and the best" as if largeness meant more goodness. Jesus, on the contrary, spoke repeatedly of the cruciality of the little things: the cup of cold water, the jot of the law, the one talent. Our life is composed of the small things we do each day. If we are faithful and honest in the little things, the big things will take care of themselves.

Prayer: Our Father, give to us the spirit of Jesus, that in all things we may seek constantly to do what we believe he would have us do. May we bring to bear his spirit upon the little things of life as well as the big things. In his name we pray. Amen.
—J. TURNBULL SPICKNALL

Barnabas takes

Looks at New Books

SOMETIMES it's a pleasure to read a controversial book. Sort of sets the brain cells churning. This, I think, is especially true if, by happenstance, you have just read another book setting forth a different viewpoint.

That's what happened this month. I've just finished *In Clear and Present Danger* (University of Chicago Press, $4). The author, **John W. Caughey,** was fired from his teaching post at UCLA for refusing to sign a test loyalty oath, but subsequently was reinstated as the result of a court decision.

What makes his book especially interesting is the fact that I recently read, with great enjoyment, **J. Edgar Hoover's** *Masters of Deceit* [May, page 52]. Caughey is in disagreement with almost every point the FBI chief made. Caughey appears convinced that the Communist threat to this country is small and that the American people—in near-hysteria because of this overemphasized threat—are giving up their civil liberties, one by one. His concern is that by the time we wake up to what we are doing it will be too late. Hard-won liberties will have disappeared.

He hits hard at McCarthyism in all its phases, discusses at length the intricate question of the Fifth Amendment, concludes with these words: "We as a people have it readily in our power to take the United States back to first principles. A summoning of popular determination is all that is needed."

Caughey could have made a stronger case for himself if he had written a few harsher words about some of the Communists who have plotted to weaken this nation from within. His condemnation of them does not seem nearly so severe as the hot words he has for those he feels are nibbling away steadily at our civil rights in the name of anti-communism.

Anyway, it's a book well worth your study.

The other day I heard a young mother describe what is probably not an uncommon experience: "My husband and I have neglected home worship, but now with the children growing up we'd like to start. Frankly, though, we don't know how."

I immediately thought of *A Prayer for Every Day* (Revell, $1.95), a new volume of 365 original prayers by **John Lewis Sandlin,** an editor for the Methodist General Board of Evangelism. The prayers are short, family-centered. At the back is a section of table graces, evening prayers for children, prayers for women, and prayers for men.

There are many devotional books useful for family worship. This is one of the newest and most practical.

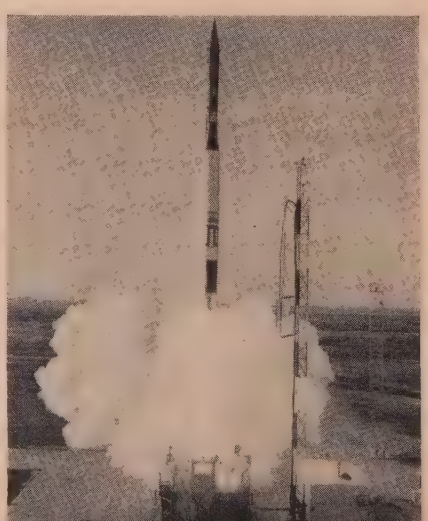
Have you ever tramped the boardwalk in Atlantic City, or ridden the breakers on the beaches near Asbury Park? If you have, as I have, you'll find **John T. Cunningham**'s *The New Jersey Shore* (Rutgers University Press, $5) irresistible reading.

And even if you've never seen Sandy Hook, with the majestic New York skyline in the distance, there's something in this book for you. Mr. Cunningham explores life in the towns along the sea; no aspect of it escapes his observation.

Publicly—and behind the scenes—there's a whale of a drama being enacted in connection with our infant space age. Too, there's considerable confusion. Ever since Russia put the world's first space satellite into orbit I've been as befuddled as the next person as to what's really going on. I'd found sorting things out pretty tough, until a 1942 Naval Academy graduate and mystery writer, **Cmdr. David C. Holmes,** started talking sense in *What's Going on in Space?* (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.95).

I'm not much of a judge of things scientific, but at least Commander Holmes comes to grips with some key questions: How did we get where we are? Where are we going? What does all this mean to world peace? What new conquests does the future hold? Have the Russians achieved an unbeatable scientific advantage?

Vanguard rocket headed out for space.



To answer these questions he uses frank, nonscientific language. He cuts through red tape, conflicting scientific statements, and headlines to give us a glimpse of how the U.S. and other nations are breaking man loose from his earth shackles. It's well worth reading.

A college professor of mine always stressed the importance of seeing "the big picture" in studying any subject, but I sometimes had trouble following his advice in American history and political-science courses. Too often, it seemed, authorities tended to obscure broad trends with wordage and detail.

What brings this to mind is a new book by **Donald R. Richberg** and **Albert Britt,** *Only the Brave Are Free* (Caxton, $6). It's a good compromise between deep, scholarly probings and a brief, easily grasped outline of American political history. Interestingly, the authors, close friends for years, do not always share common interpretations of our history, nor do they agree about the merit of a so-called "welfare state." But with each expressing his view individually, the two provide a reasoned and balanced review of the growth of self-government in America.

This "adventure in popular education," as the two men describe their work, is based on an eminently sound premise: ". . . That our national experiment in self-government will and should be continued, and that its success will depend . . . on the number of voters who read and think for themselves. . . ."

Liberal or conservative, you'll find this an interesting, informative book. And there's ammunition here for both political philosophies.

Few names in history can incite such a tumult in a youngster's heart as that of Geronimo, the Apache warrior who rode the deserts and mountains of Arizona and New Mexico during the Apache uprising in 1885-86. Like Sitting Bull, Geronimo is becoming a legend. And now here is a book, *On the Bloody Trail of Geronimo* (Westernlore Press, $7.50), by **Lt. John Bigelow, Jr.,** big enough to deal with this Indian leader in the depth he deserves.

the 1870s and 1880s many Army
rs supplemented their pay by sell-
ournals of life in the field to maga-
. In submitting his journal to
ng magazine in 1886, Bigelow, a
Pointer, was following the trend.
his account of day-by-day experi-
in the campaign against the
hes under Geronimo contains
than the routine mention of troop
ties usually found in dry military
ts. Written in the field, *Bigelow's*
al, as it was originally called when
published, constitutes one of the
pictures of Army life during the
ing. And, in addition to his ob-
tions on frontier life, Bigelow tried
aluate Army life as seen through
yes of a junior officer.

thur Woodward, for 25 years
curator of history and anthropol-
t the Los Angeles County Muse-
has edited *Bigelow's Journal* for
special reprint (limited to 750
s).

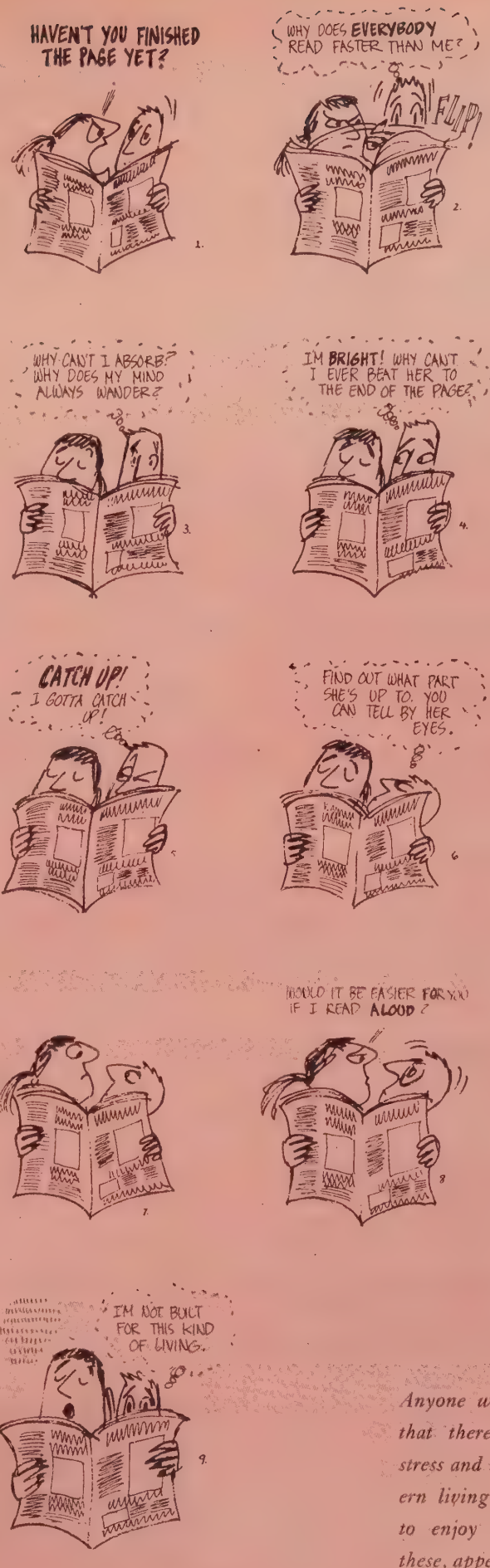
itors, eggheads, and educators have
trying to tell us that what the
l calls success isn't the only thing
. Sometimes, they say, it's fun to
at a sunset instead of TV, to see
unior gets cognizance instead of a
rtible. But too many people won't
ime to listen.

wever, a slim little volume of car-
Sick, Sick, Sick (McGraw-Hill,
), by **Jules Feiffer,** may be able
ak past our defenses because it's
ny. This "guide to non-confident
," as Feiffer calls it, is so deceptive-
ple, so zany, that we find we are
ing at ourselves, then examining
otives, then *thinking,* before we
what's happening.

one so young (29), Feiffer has
g insight into human weaknesses
bles. With a few careless-looking
s, little verbiage, and sharp, off-
mor he hits dead center every
Some of his arrows are sure to
ost all of us.

of the greatest tasks facing any
an is to bring his man alive—to
, as it were, down off the marble
on the statue in the park and
him a breathing person again,
o face with problems and all too
, perhaps, to err. But this is the
Marcus Cunliffe, a young Brit-
istorian, sets himself in *George*
ington, Man and Monument (Lit-
own, $4).

l he succeeds. Not as completely,
s, as Douglas Southall Freeman
monumental work, but as well
ld be expected within the confines
ingle volume. He helps us to see
ther of our country as a man who,
s, had weaknesses and troubles.
young man, Washington was am-
s, concerned greatly with reputa-
In later years, he moved slowly,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FLIP!
2.
WHY CAN'T I ABSORB? WHY DOES MY MIND ALWAYS WANDER?
3.
IM BRIGHT! WHY CAN'T I EVER BEAT HER TO THE END OF THE PAGE?
4.
CATCH UP! I GOTTA CATCH UP!
5.
FIND OUT WHAT PART SHE'S UP TO. YOU CAN TELL BY HER EYES.
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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

WHEN Sir Walter Scott wrote his first novel he used a pseudonym. His great ambition had been to write poetry, but it was soon apparent that he lacked the literary gifts to fulfill that vision. To him, it seemed quite a comedown to write a novel and in the beginning he did not want his name associated with his work. This may have been because while all literature is self-revealing, none is more so than fiction. The novelist in a special way strips himself naked for all the world to see. It soon becomes apparent what kind of man is writing the story and it must take a great deal of courage to bare one's inner life to the whole world. This month, however, I have some books I regard so highly that it would be a pleasure to have my own name associated with them. I think these novels belong in the upper 10 per cent.

THEY CAME TO CORDURA, by Glendon Swarthout *(Random House, $3.50).*

This starts as if it is going to be just an ordinary tale of military adventure. But it is much more than that. The setting is in Mexico during the Pershing expedition against Villa. A major is given the responsibility of spotting the heroes in the engagements and taking them back to a safe place before they are killed. His is the responsibility of recommending them as heroes and of seeing that they get safely to the place where the medal is to be bestowed. It soon comes out that the major, however, has been accused of cowardice and has escaped court-martial only because of his friendship with the commanding officer. The significant thing that emerges from the story is that the men who performed some heroic task in combat are not very admirable characters. One or two are just ordinary boys and one or two others are outright villains. The question that boils up out of the book is what physical courage means and how important it is in the day-by-day affairs of life. The finest man in the group is the one who has been accused of being a coward. The worst one will receive the distinguished award for courage. It all makes a fellow wonder!

THE PATH TO THE NEST OF SPIDERS, by Italo Calvino *(Beacon, $3.50).*

Juvenile delinquency has been a subject for discussion among adults in all places and in every century. Young people have different ways of being delinquent in different times, but the nature of the evil has not changed as much as we sometimes assume. In America, we are worried over youth that runs wild when it is over-privileged. What would we think about the problems of the young in occupied and postwar countries? This little book tells about a boy with no mother or father, a prostitute sister, and caught in a society where killing is an everyday happening. What do the experts have to suggest for that situation? With a good deal of sympathy and tenderness, the author lets us look into the loneliness and broken dreams of this boy. There is nothing sentimental or hopeful in the story. But there is the sense of a grandeur in the heart of every child. And that, brethren, takes us into the presence of One who warned that for whoever caused a child to sin, "it would be better for him to have a great millstone fastened round his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea."

THE TRAVELS OF JAIMIE McPHEETERS, by Robert Lewis Taylor *(Doubleday, $4.50).*

Here is the Tom Sawyer of the western exploration. Through the eyes of a boy we see the adventure of the long trail west from Missouri, and the defeats and excitements of the gold-rush experience. It has humor, drama, adventure, realism. Even such braggarts as Jaimie's father have a charm about them that makes us want to pity rather than condemn their foibles. The book is full of compassion and understanding. It has its villains and is never too sentimental, but through it all you have the feeling that people have nobilty and life is wonderful.

nsure of which step to take next. these qualities do not detract is greatness; instead, they add to despite his faults, he had the genius in him—and from his nd that of many cast in perhaps mold—sprung our great nation.

lways a pleasure to read poetry ums with good feeling, confi- and faith. But it's doubly so when ter is a person who knows what aks are—who isn't writing mere- the head, but with the heart as hat's **Jane Merchant.**

Merchant, whose poems are fa- o many of you, is a semi-invalid uplifting words have appeared n many national magazines—in- TOGETHER. (As a matter of fact, *e Hour* is on page 77 of this And now Abingdon Press has t out another volume of 198 oems under the intriguing title, *y Up the Sky*. It's a good $2 f anybody's money.

ded are humorous poems—with of bitterness; serious works— glumness, and inspiring words ut platitudes. Perhaps, like me, njoy this brief one called *Psalter* ly:

ave learned well, in tempests and in calms,
e holy beauty of the Shepherd's psalms;
d I have often watched with prayerful eyes
ile God writes psalms, with clouds, in evening skies.

the pen of **Dr. Asbury Smith,** odist minister for 32 years, comes ant new contribution to Chris- ature—a book which re-creates of the apostles. It's *The Twelve hose* (Harper, $3).

most of us," writes the author, elve our Lord chose to be with figures in a stained-glass win- if the names on the window ter-changed we would never e difference."

mith's 278-page work gives the ife and substance, full dimen- color, as befits men and not aints. Says Bishop G. Bromley "The apostles live and

-create the 12 for us, Dr. Smith the gospel, to tradition and and to the secular histories of lay. From Simon Peter to Judas Dr. Smith has fashioned his in such a way as to reveal the on and character of each. At h they become men—the few re strong enough to be chosen. d by Dr. Smith's words and the s of Agostino Carracci, the 12 become far more than figures ined-glass window.

—BARNABAS

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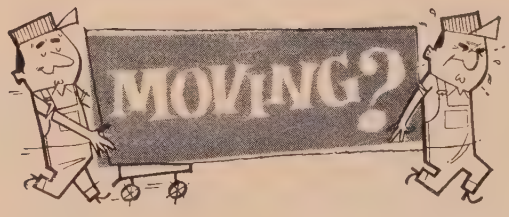

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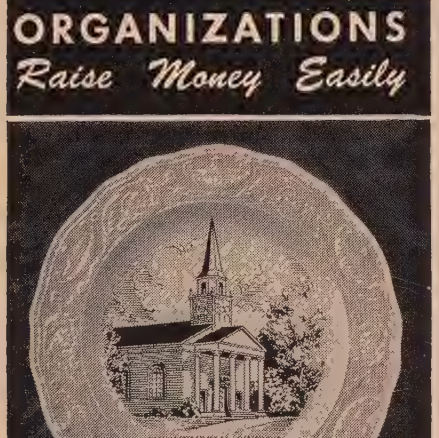

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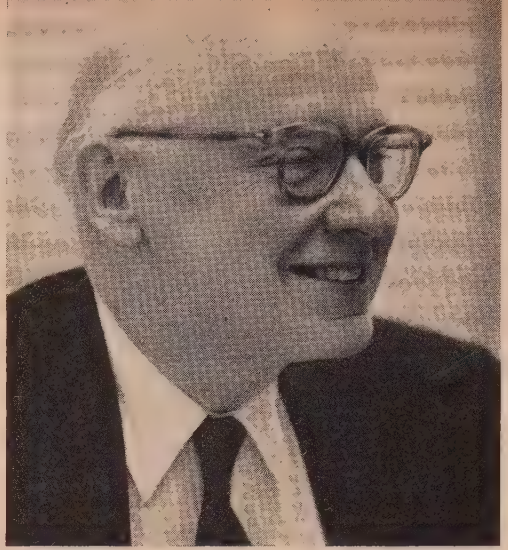

Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith

Will prayer bring rain?

Not so far as we know. If prayer for life-giving showers automatically brought them, this blessed means of communication between God and man would become nothing more than magic. (Religion, on its lo levels, has often been close to magi We would have a gum-mach kind of universe, with no place a personal, loving, forgiving God.

Do Catholic and Protestant Bibles differ?

Catholics of the Roman church include the 13 books of the Apocrypha Proper of the Old Testament. (There is a much larger Apocrypha, or collection of "hidden" writings, both Palestinian and Hellenistic. Actually, there was no "per of silence" when the prophetic vo was still.) Some of these (such Tobit and Judith) are writings surpassing beauty, and Ecclesiasti is a rare book of wisdom.

Can prayer help me drive?

As a means of encouraging you to "drive for God," prayer can do more for your safety than all the safety belts, four-wheel brakes, and suction-grip tires ever invented. Prayer ought to be first on the list of safe-driving devices promoted by every safety congress.

How? The next time you are caught in a traffic jam, try telling the Lord that although, at the moment, you are the victim of someone else's mistakes or negligence, you have often inconvenienced or jured others through your own. A the next time you are tempted press on the accelerator—or the h —to get even with your own f tration, thank the Lord that have a car and don't have to wa Your fretfulness and impatience seem frightfully little.

Most important of all, drive though your car were a sacred t and all the people on the street w your personal responsibility.

How can I 'keep' Sunday?

About as you want. No TV performer, no baseball magnate, and no popular preacher owns Sunday. Unless your work is unusual, Sunday belongs to you; the way you spend the precious 24 hours (who said Sunday ends at noon?) tells much about you—and your faith.

Sunday is for your enjoying, not mere enduring. If you try to keep it by observing a long list of "noes" and "thou shalt nots" you will surely lose it. That's what the Sabbitarians known as Pharisees did. Actually, Jesus broke one Sabbath rule, but he did it with a purpose and, therefo gloriously "kept" it.

You keep Sunday in accorda with the fourth commandment wh you make it a day of special joy cause it reminds you of the Res rection of Jesus, and unites you out-of-the-ordinary fellowship w him—and renews your soul, mi and body, just as he would wish his day, the Lord's Day.

Dr. T. Otto Nall is editor of The New Ch tian Advocate, *a graduate of Garrett Bibl Institute, and the author of several books, latest of which is* The Bible When You N It Most (*Reflection Book, Association Pre*

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The Best Cat in the World

By LOIS WEDEL

DAVID sat on the front steps of his house and watched. A boy from his Sunday-school class was coming down the street. David knew the boy's name was Jack. He was stopping at every house to ring the doorbell and ask a question. Each time, the person who came to the door would shake his head and Jack would go sadly on. David thought he knew why Jack was doing this. He was probably looking for a lost pet.

Last week, David had been doing that very same thing. The day Smoky had disappeared he had looked for her everywhere. When he did not find her, David could not help crying a little bit. "She's *the best cat in the world!*" he had told his mother and father. At bedtime every night since, he had prayed that God would send Smoky back to him.

Perhaps there had been a reason why God could not send Smoky back, but David felt certain now that he had heard the prayers. This morning a small gray and white cat had come meowing to the back door. "This cat isn't Smoky, so of course she isn't the best cat in the world," David had said, "but any cat is better than no cat at all!" Then David had given her a saucer of milk and made a bed for her under the kitchen stove where Smoky's bed had been.

When Jack saw David sitting on the steps, he hurried across the street. "I lost my cat," he said. "Have you seen it?"

David stared. A troubling idea popped into his head. Suppose Jack's cat and the cat that had come to David this morning were the same cat! She was *David's* cat now. She had come to take Smoky's place. "What did your cat look

An Evening Prayer

Now the sun has gone to sleep,
And birds are in their nest;
So I will thank You for my day,
My busy day of work and play,
And then I'll go to rest.

ELIZABETH MCE. SHIELDS

From Prayers for Little Children, *edited by Mary Alice Jones.* © *1949, Rand McNally & Company.*

" David asked carefully.
he has a white body,"
replied, "and her head
ail are gray."
vid bit his lip. He said to
elf, *Yes, she's the same cat*
ght, but why should I give
up? He wished he could
of the right thing to do.
upposed that even though
had sent the cat to him in
irst place, he didn't mean
im to keep her now. She
nged to Jack and Jack
ed her back.
o you love your cat very
?" David asked Jack.
o I?" cried Jack. "She's
est cat in the world!"
that, David jumped up
the steps. "That's exactly
I say about my cat,
ky!" he exclaimed.
very boy thinks his own
s the best in the world,"
ed Jack.
suppose," David said,
's why every boy should
his own cat. I don't know
e Smoky is, but I can give
back your cat."
k's face brightened.
could see how happy he
"I think I hear my cat
ring right now," said

vid listened thoughtfully
moment. "That's not your
eowing," he said, "Your
sleeping in our kitchen.
must be Smoky!" David
to run.
boys found Smoky be-
he garage. With her were
ew kittens. David was so
that he jumped up and
. "Am I glad to see you,
y!" he said. "I like your
kittens, but you're still *the*
at in the world to me!"
n David looked at Jack.
, how do you like my
he asked proudly.
k smiled, "Smoky is nice
so are her kittens—but
until you see my cat. She's
est cat in the world, too!"
vid knew how Jack felt.
e on," he laughed. "Let's
d your cat right now!"

Can You Guess These Riddles?

1. What looks like a cat, eats like a cat, walks like a cat, but is not a cat?
2. What has a bed, but never sleeps?
3. What is a calf after it is one year old?
4. What would happen if a girl swallowed her spoon?
5. What is the hardest thing about learning to ride a bicycle?

Answers: 1. A kitten. 2. A river. 3. Two years old. 4. She couldn't stir. 5. The pavement.

Sleepy-time Friends

Every night I have the habit
Of sleeping with a rabbit
And a monkey and a lion and a bear
And two tigers and a pig
And a doll who lost her wig
And a pussy cat with curly purple hair!

I 'most always share my sheets
With three cotton parakeets
And a giant duck whose feet are orangey-red
And a dog who wears a hat
And a horse who's much too fat
So there's hardly room for sleeping in my bed!

ANDRE ROSS

Treasures of the Beach

By A. B. JORDAN

A SEA-SHELL collector was describing his hobby to an eager group of spectators on a beach, using shells to illustrate the variety of specimens he had gathered. When he finished talking about some of the common mollusks —soft-bodied creatures such as snails, mussels, clams, and oysters which armor themselves with hard shells—a woman demanded skeptically, "Do you mean that animals really lived in those shells?"

That question caused the serious shell collectors (*conchologists*) to recall the time when they, too, were surprised to learn that shells were once creatures' homes. We all smiled.

Actually, however, I should be the last to laugh. There was a time when I knew next to nothing about shells. I'd seen a big sea shell—a queen conch —used as a doorstop, and I'd fed ground oyster shells to chickens, but that was the extent of my knowledge. I simply didn't know the science of conchology existed.

A walk along a New Guinea beach in 1943 changed everything. The beach sparkled under the hot sun like a jewelry-store window. Each wave, retreating, left the sand aglitter with dove and olive shells, with limpets, and murexes, and cowries. I didn't know their names, but I felt a dawning urge to learn them, for the shells' variety of shape and color fascinated me.

From then on, time never dragged. What began as a means of driving loneliness from empty hours turned into a delightful hobby. Others had the same idea; the best specimens were snatched up by eager hands. Nevertheless, before the war ended I had sent home many fine specimens I had found on beaches in the Dutch East Indies and the Philippine Islands.

When I returned to the U.S., I decided to find out the names of shells I had accumulated. Identifying them, I discovered, was just the beginning. The more research I did, the more interested I became in sharing my hobby. My first lame description, "Here's an odd shell called the murex," soon developed into an enthusiastic account which today would sound something like this:

"You'll be interested in this murex. Look at its odd shape. The frills are the murex trade-mark. Some species are found in all the warm seas. By the way, remember reading in your ancient history about Tyrian purple? How wool dyed with it brought the equivalent of $200 a pound? Roman emperors tried to hoard the dye, which was made in part from the secretions of animals of certain murex shells. Murexes are the most abundant of all shells, but some species are so rare that they're priceless!"

There's more to shell collecting than meets the eye, I've found. To think of shells as detached from the creatures that live in them, and to ignore the relationship of both to man, is to miss their significance. A shipworm shell I once picked up meant little to me— until I learned from a source book that shipworms have sent countless vessels to the bottom!

How could anyone unfamiliar with man's long use of the cowrie shell truly appreciate it? Possessed of rare beauty, the cowrie has been worn as an ornament by millions down through the ages. Among primitive peoples, these shells still are used as money—especially in Africa, where in some places 20,000 cowries will buy a wife!

Shell collecting is a hobby which

For the young and the young at heart, dawn is the perfect time to hunt new shells.

s out into a seemingly endless
of activities. There's always ex-
t in store. Here are just a few
why I'm so enthusiastic about
by:
hape and coloring, shells offer
ful variety, ranging in size from
roscopic to giant, hinged clams
g 500 pounds when alive and
easuring as much as four feet in
r.
s last. No need to worry about
or climate. With a little care in
g, they never lose their brilliant
r.
shells are valuable, and may be
undreds of dollars.
they are truly works of art,
h arrange them in cabinets or
r eye-catching display. And you
nch out into the crafts, creat-
ll jewelry or ornaments.
collecting, which takes you out-
arries an element of adventure,
an be pursued almost in your
ck yard as well as in exotic
lands. The thrill of finding a
cies is not limited to experts.
are hundreds of sought-after
and new varieties are being
ed each year. Any amateur has
a chance as the experienced col-
of locating a coveted beauty.
ere's no need to worry about
ng the subject—nine million
ns in the U.S. National Mu-
Washington constitute an in-
e collection!
tantly, shell collecting often
ment family ties. My son, Clin-
lied shells for two years as a
project in school. I'll always re-
the pleasant hours we spent
exploring the fascinating world
ks—hours which helped draw
together. Some children, I am
e been bent toward a career in
y their interest in shell col-

e beginner, the first question
s: "Where shall I look for
The answer is, almost any-
You can find marine shells
long shores in mud or sand,
pools left by the tide. They
e ocean floor, especially near
d coral reefs. If you hunt shells
reefs, be careful for they can
ged. Wear shoes and long
or slacks. Be wary of cone
r some, when alive, can sting
y.
of the richest treasure chests
ctors is along Florida's Gulf
anibel Island, near Fort Myers,
called a shell-hunter's paradise.
West, the Gulf of California
similar acclaim.
nells are common on land, too.
nails, some extremely colorful,
der logs and stones, on the

President of America's largest Methodist-related university, Harold Case likes to relax with the fine sea-shell exhibit in his office.

Nature's Tranquilizers

WHEN I began collecting sea shells years ago, I never imagined that one day I would find them useful in my work as a college administrator. From the start, I found that these seaside treasures had a therapeutic quality which helped calm my nerves. But, I asked myself, was this true for others?

I decided to try a test. In my office, I placed a coffee table which resembles a large piano bench with a hinged glass top. Inside, on a bed of ocean sand, I arranged some choice shell and marine-life specimens. At once this became a natural conversation piece. When faculty members, students, or other visitors arrived in a nervous state, the collection provided an easy starting point for our conferences. It relaxed the atmosphere—and we achieved better results.

In this way, my shells have helped me in my work. But I still think of my hobby primarily as a personal one, with special inner satisfactions. It isn't just the beauty and variety of shells that attract me. Walking beaches alone to hunt new specimens, wading in shallow pools left by the tide, dredging up shells from the sand, seeing each shell's distinctive markings as I would the face of a friend; these simple shell-collecting activities have become truly soul-nourishing experiences for me.

I love the solitude of a walk along the ocean's shore—especially after a storm, when thousands of shells have been tossed out of the depths; or in the dawn's calm, when the lapping of waves is the only sound. There, with the ocean's unending vista as a backdrop, I find answered the need I feel for close contact with nature. Who could help but feel humility as he moves like a dot on this majestic canvas nature has drawn for us?

Yes, collecting sea shells has become more than just a useful hobby to me. For shells are reminders of the order and beauty with which God created his universe.

—HAROLD C. CASE
President, Boston University

Name Your Hobby

We especially would enjoy hearing from you readers who study local speech mannerisms, but a similar invitation is extended to all who wish to compare hobby notes with other Methodists. To be listed on this page, simply send your name, address, and primary hobby interest to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11.—*Eds.*

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ground in hardwood forests, even o
moist, moss-covered limestone. Mo
than 500 species of fresh-water clams—
some containing pearls—hide in th
muddy bottoms of our inland lake
creeks, and rivers. One of the most a
tractive collections I have ever see
came entirely from the Scioto Rive
near Chillicothe, Ohio.

Most of these—and other shells com
monly found in America—are dis
cussed thoroughly in books, some o
which probably are available in you
library. Or, as a beginner, you ma
prefer to buy a few reference works.

The Peterson Field Guide Series in
cludes two books on American sea shell
which are excellent for identification
*A Field Guide to the Shells of Ou
Atlantic and Gulf Coasts* and *A Fiel
Guide to Shells of the Pacific Coa
and Hawaii* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.7
each), both by **Percy A. Morris.**

For an interesting general introduc
tion to shells—how they are formed
odd characteristics, how to collect an
prepare them for display—sampl
A. Hyatt Verrill's *Shell Collector'
Handbook* (Putnam, $4).

One of the most complete, authorita
tive sources is *The Shell Book,* by **Juli
E. Rogers** (revised edition, Charles T
Branford Co., $8.50). It includes detail
on how to stock an aquarium wit
plants and mollusks—a simple, reward
ing project for beginners.

Of course, you can't expect to lear
everything from books. Experience
the only real way to become acquainte
with many of the most important facts
I remember especially one lesson
learned the hard way: I had a cowri
shell I prized because of its unusua
shape and color—and I placed it in a
aquarium of tropical fish. Within
few weeks, the hard water had coate
it with a white film impossible to re
move without destroying the shell'
sheen!

IF YOU decide this hobby may be fo
you, single out one specialty and nar
row your range to just that. You can
cover the whole field.

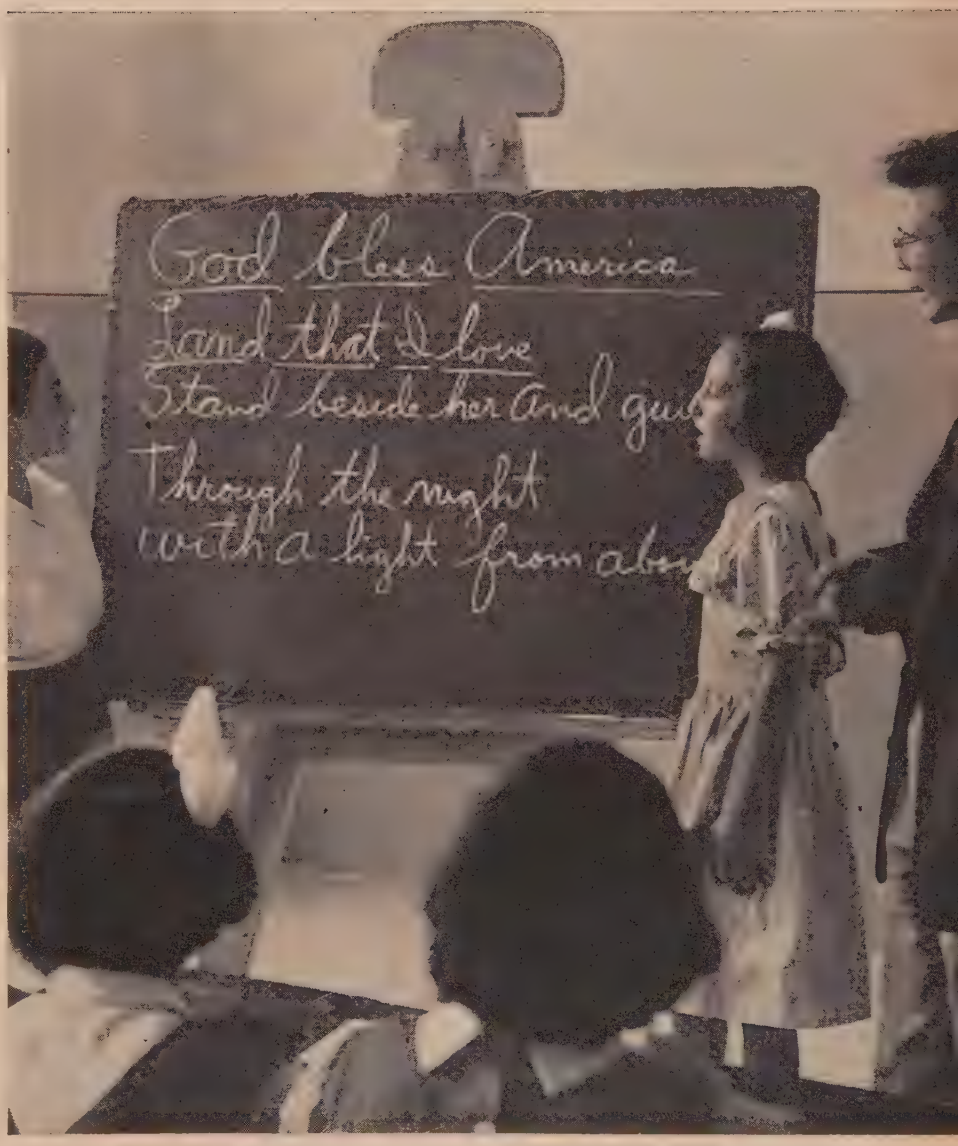
After you classify and label you
shells, exchange duplicates with othe
collectors. It's an unbeatable way t
share information and experience.
you live in the East, try trading A
lantic shells for those of the Gulf o
Pacific states. Trading the same varietie
is especially interesting, for Pacifi
shells grow several times the size o
their eastern counterparts—a myster
still unsolved.

Don't worry about asking question
You'll learn a lot as you do, even
some others smile as they recall thei
own initiation into the hobby. I'll te
you this: I've asked many a questio
since the day on New Guinea when
picked up my first shell!

Casa Materna school: American Methodists gave $100,000 to build it.

Casa Materna: Home for Naples 'Bambinos'

ATING "family feeling" and
ng it alive among 560 children
one roof is no small parental feat.
ne Santis in Italy have done this,
ve is the foundation upon which
Methodist-supported Casa Materna
erly Home) in Naples, was built.
home got its start when the Rev.
do Santi, one of the few Method-
nisters in Italy, saw two homeless
en on a Naples street in 1904. He
in his mind the words: "These
to Me. . . . Take them with you
y sake."
ome, Mr. and Mrs. Santi became
" and "Mama" to these two chil-
nd loved them as their own.
Santi had been an orphan. Hav-
en two children a home, he could
use others. So the Santi family
They moved several times—al-
o larger quarters. In 1920, with
of the American Methodist
, they bought the present home
seven acres of land and beach
Bay of Naples—once the villa of
nce of Monaco.
Santi sons now have grown up
their places in Casa Materna.
ele is minister, Dr. Teofilo is
. and, until his death, Dr. Fabio
rector. "Mama's" work is carried
Livia (Mrs. Teofilo) Santi.
ny big, happy family boys and
ssume responsibilities which help
he ball rolling and the budget
ed. Casa Materna young people
the carpentry shop, the sewing
with gardening, care of the
ls, and housekeeping. Girls learn
k in the Casa Materna kitchen.
ssisting the resident farmer, keep
rdens weeded, cultivated, crops
ed. With typical family spirit, the
Materna choir has even gone on
o help pay for a new boys'
ory.



God Bless America *is a favorite of members of the Casa Materna choir. Joel Warner, right, a Mamaroneck, N.Y., Methodist worker at the school, founded the choir and managed its 15,000-mile tour of U.S. and Europe in 1956. The choir met expenses, took home $45,000, which was earmarked for building a new dormitory to house 80 boys.*

Italian youngsters love music, and membership in Casa Materna's choir is considered such a great honor that the singers are more than willing to work hard at daily rehearsals.

The choir, one of many cultural activities offered the children has completed three tours of Europe, one of the U.S. to date. Perhaps one of its members will one day sing at La Scala

Pastor Riccardo Santi presents the Bible—and with it the pastorship of the Casa Materna chapel—to his eldest son, the Rev. Emanuele Santi. Now, at 87, Mr. Santi has placed his sons in charge of the home, founded some 54 years ago.

Young men of Casa Materna now play table tennis and games where horses once were groomed and trained. Older boys converted the stable into this recreation hall and study room for the home. About half of Casa Materna's support comes from U.S. Methodist churches

he Little Ones Come Unto Me" is inscribed over the ce of the home—and through the years more than ittle ones have "come home" to Casa Materna. Above, ear-old starts his education, one of the most vital parts home's program. But, as Dr. Fabio Santi once said, greatest gift Casa Materna can give a child is love."

In this modern carpentry shop, 80 older boys help with the building program and repairs as they learn a trade that will help them to become self-supporting. When they graduate from Casa Materna, they are all good Christian workmen.

Sewing a fine seam is one of the important parts of the girls' vocational-training program. Mrs. Livia Santi, shown helping girls learn embroidery, is mother to all the children who call Casa Materna home.

NEWS of the world parish

METHODISTS URGE HALT TO A-BOMB TESTING

Methodist leaders took positive stands on nuclear tests, intercontinental missiles, politics, Congressional investigations, and taxes in recent Annual Conference sessions.

Nearly all Conferences adopted resolutions opposing further nuclear weapons tests. West Wisconsin Conference included a proposed ban on ICBMs as well; California-Nevada Conference called for "abolition of war itself," and Rock River (Illinois) Conference urged abolition of nuclear weapons through a strengthened UN "or a disarmament authority created by it."

Two Conferences, Iowa-Des Moines and Oregon, recommended UN admission of Red China.

Up for discussion at the Minnesota Conference were the forthcoming political campaigns, target of a resolution which urged churches to invite candidates to air their views and discuss "positive Christian solutions" to important problems. In a related development, the South Dakota Conference heard Gov. Joe Foss, a Republican, and Rep. George McGovern, a Democrat, discuss the problems of a Christian in politics. Both men are Methodists and candidates for Congress.

Opposition to the draft was expressed by the Illinois and Northwest Indiana Conferences. Illinois also condemned wasteful military expenditures and deficit spending; neighboring Rock River protested increased military secrecy and the huge U.S. budget slice going to the military.

Delegates to California-Nevada urged elimination of tax exemption for private and religious schools, charging that exemption provides an incentive for the rapid growth of such institutions in direct competition with the public-school system.

Criticism of Congressional investigating-committee methods also was expressed by some conferences. Newark (New Jersey) Conference called for drastic reforms in the methods of the House Un-American and Senate Internal Security committees. If reforms are not made, the Conference added, Congress should abolish the committees.

Nearly all Conferences acted to strengthen local churches. Many voted to hike preachers' pay and pensions.

Other actions:

- Erie Conference—Formed a 2,000-member "$10 Club," which will seek to raise $20,000 as a starter fund for new church buildings.
- Oregon Annual Conference—Urged churches to use the latest methods of getting members and to move evangelism out of the "campaign business."
- Virginia Conference—Called on its members to use Sunday-evening services to train and educate members.
- Kansas Conference—Approved a Conference-wide prayer vigil for the first five months of 1959 and agreed to extend the plan for an entire year if the Central Kansas Conference (Hutchinson) is willing to make it area-wide.

Also, two Conferences voted to change their names. Iowa-Des Moines is to be known as the South Iowa Conference; Illinois is to be the Central Illinois Conference.

Missionaries Face Test

Protestant missionaries face increasing responsibilities for helping correct political, social, and economic ills, five Methodist missionaries have told the 13th annual Furloughed Missionary Conference at Greencastle, Ind.

The Rev. Edward F. Smith, Belgian Congo missionary, declared it will demand the missionary's "best thought and effort in every area of life" to help solve colonialism in Africa.

Speaking on mission problems in Cuba, Dr. David White said the church must teach that violence will not solve problems. And Caroline Peckham, missionary to Japan, warned that the great challenge to the Christian church there is to arouse conscious action against social evils.

A missionary to the Philippines, Dr. J. B. Holt, said that Protestants there face the problem of how to be a creative minority in the midst of a population 85 per cent Roman Catholic. Chief area of Protestant-Catholic tension, he added, is in public education.

Irene Wells reported that in India today is a "testing time" for Christian churches and missionaries. Conversion of the nation to a modern industrial state, she explained, presents staggering problems.

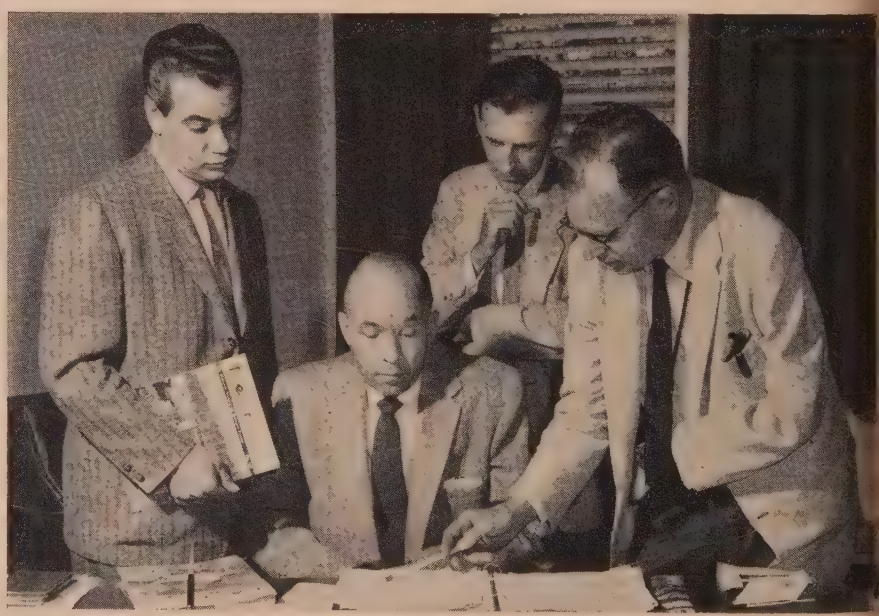
'Put Christ in College Program'

U.S. Christian colleges need a "strong, revitalized, Christian program within the framework of the liberal arts" even more than they need dollars.

This is the conclusion Christian educators reached after five days of discussion at the second Quadrennial Convocation of Protestant Colleges at Drake University. The session was sponsored by the National Council of Churches.

A report adopted by the meeting recommended these methods of relating Christian commitment to intellectual responsibility:

1. Make use of the Bible as the source



How did Methodism's Fort Wayne (Ind.) District become the first to subscribe 100 per cent to TOGETHER? *These officials plan a 15-minute color filmstrip to tell the story. It will be released this month primarily to church official boards. From left: Warren Clark,* TOGETHER *business manager; Superintendent Byron Stroh; Ernest Allen, photographer, and A. J. Pilversak, Television, Radio, and Film Commission.*

aith, practice, and knowledge.
Take the Bible as the record of
s encounter with God, and reli-
experience as the ground for reli-
truth.
Separate faith and knowledge.
Combine faith and knowledge but
them open to confirmation or
ation.
Discipline the ways of accomplish-
goals, with responsibility self-con-
l as well as imposed.

e College Openings Listed

hodist colleges and universities are
g fall registrations now but the fol-
g schools have reported some re-
ng openings to the Board of Educa-
nd TOGETHER. [For other Methodist
ls with openings, see July, page 69.]

rew College, Cuthbert, Ga.: 50
ngs. Two-year arts, sciences, busi-

er University, Baldwin, Kan.: Some
ngs. Liberal arts, music, business,
ition, church administration, prepro-
nal. Tie ins with U. of Kansas,
s State, Duke U.

non University, Boston, Mass.: 800
ngs. Liberal arts, business, industrial
logy, theology, law, medicine, edu-
, nursing.

lin College, Orangeburg, S. C.: 450
ngs. Liberal arts, education.

nta Wesleyan University, Mitchell,
K.: Openings for 50 freshmen. Lib-
arts, education, nursing, business,
fessional.

rd University, New Orleans, La.:
openings. Liberal arts, nursing,
ion, preprofessional.

ry-at-Oxford, Oxford, Ga.: 12 open-
Two-year liberal arts and preprofes-
A division of Emory University,

dall College, Evanston, Ill.: 25 open-
Two-year liberal arts, education,
work.

rence College, Appleton, Wis.:
gs for 10 men. Liberal arts, music.
fessional. Tie in with Massachusetts
te of Technology.

sey Wilson College, Columbia, Ky.:
ings. Two-year liberal arts, busi-
ducation, church work, preprofes-

stown College, Morristown, Tenn.:
nings. Two-year liberal arts. busi-
ducation, preprofessional.

Northern University, Ada: 50
gs. Liberal arts, law, engineering,
y.

Wesleyan University, Delaware:
nings. Liberal arts. Tie ins with a
of technological and other

College, Barbourville, Ky.: 50
gs. Education, business, nursing,
religious education, preprofes-
Tie ins with professional schools.

y College, Dover, Del.: 35 open-
Two-year liberal arts, business.

ord College, Spartanburg, S. C.:
enings. Liberal arts, sciences, pre-
ional. Tie ins with Columbia U.,
U., medical and law schools.

Court Aids Churches

U.S. Supreme Court decision de-
California's loyalty oath for tax
tion unconstitutional has come
on to several Methodist churches.
r, including First Church at San
ro, had challenged the 1953 law
ing nonprofit organizations to
loyalty oath to obtain property-
emptions. A number of others,
of them Methodists, signed the
nder protest, and the California-

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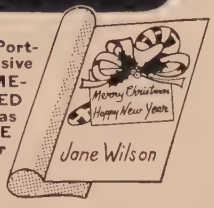

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1400 State Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Please send 2 new $1 boxes and Name-Imprinted Samples on FREE TRIAL. After I see the cards, I may pay for them at 59c plus postage, or return them and owe nothing. Include $1 Gift Offer.

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Address .....
City & State .....
PLEASE DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY

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* Slimmest temples.
* 2-Year Guarantee.

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METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

All would live long, but none would be old.—B. Franklin

AUGUST hath XXXI days — 8th Month

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.—Cowper

15	Fr	Mississippi constitution adopted, 1817
16	Sa	***No one is injured save by himself.***
17	S	Interdenominational Mission Conference convenes, Chautauqua, N.Y.
18	M	America's 1st white child b., 1587
19	Tu	N.Y. Herald reports gold in Calif., 1848
20	W	Wm. Booth d. 1912 ☛
21	Th	Close of 8-day National Conference of Methodist Youth, Greencastle, Ind.
22	Fr	***Gratitude is the sign of noble souls.***
23	Sa	Intercollegiate School of Alcohol Studies, Waterloo, Ontario
24	S	World Service Sunday
25	M	British burn Washington gov't bldgs., 1814
26	Tu	Inventor Lee DeForest, b. 1873 Patented over 300 radio, TV inventions
27	W	1st auto speeding arrest (R.I.) 1904
28	Th	Britain abolishes slavery, 1833
29	Fr	New York City sees 1st cable cars, 1885
30	Sa	MacArthur lands in Japan, 1945
31	S	Labor Sunday

■ In 1864 an enthusiastic young Methodist arrived in London, began holding services in tents and on street corners. He established a Christian Mission which later (1878) became the Salvation Army. The ideals and principles of the young evangelist, William Booth, its 1st 'general,' were to win universal respect for the Army. While preaching the gospel, its officers never forgot Christ's sermon: "I was hungry, and you gave me food, . . . naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me."

SEPTEMBER hath XXX days — 9th Month

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.—Longfellow

1	M	Hitler invades Poland, 1939
2	Tu	Dr. Thomas Coke ordained, 1784 ☛
3	W	1st issue New York Sun, 1833 Last issue, Jan. 3, 1950
4	Th	Geronimo, one of last leaders of Great Plains uprising, surrenders, 1886
5	Fr	***Confidence begets confidence.***
6	Sa	Massachusetts Bay Colony begins, 1628
7	S	Elizabeth I b., 1533
8	M	Japanese peace treaty signed by 49 nations, San Francisco, 1951
9	Tu	New Mexico, Utah territories begun, 1850
10	W	Daughters of Confederacy founded, 1894
11	Th	Master storyteller O. Henry b., 1862
12	F	Orville Wright aloft 1 hr., 10 min., 1908
13	Sa	***Christianity is a battle, not a dream.***
14	S	At McKendree Chapel, Cape Girardeau, Mo., 1st annual conf. west of Mississippi, 1819

■ He was ordained by John Wesley before coming to America to be joint "superintendent" with Francis Asbury. The 2 met in Delaware, where Bishop Coke held the 1st Lord's Supper in America celebrated by an ordained Methodist preacher.

Nevada Conference for several ye
has urged the law's repeal.

The high court's decision held th
the law violated the "due process
law" provision of the 14th Amendme

Religion as Usual 'Not Enoug

Good intentions, an occasional pray
and heart-warming sermons are
enough in this nuclear-space age,
cording to Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, p
fessor emeritus of geology at Harva
University.

"Nuclear weapons and intercon
nental ballistic missiles have turned t
balance of power among nations into
balance of terror," he told the Nor
field, Mass., Conference on the Chr
tian World Mission.

Dr. Mather added: "The mode
scientific concept of chain reaction
nuclear fission is the counterpart of t
Christian concept of the leaven in t
loaf."

Overseas Pastors in U.S. Pos

Ten Methodists from Asia and Afr
are serving five-month internships
assistant pastors in U.S. communiti

This is the second phase of a ne
Board of Missions' program to streng
en ministerial leadership overseas a
promote understanding between U
and foreign churches. The first was
period of study at Drew Theologi
Seminary.

Assignments:

The Rev. Kenneth Choto, Southe
Rhodesia, to Lexington, Va., Larg
Parish.

The Rev. Johnston S. Q. Bakh
Pakistan, to First Church, Eugene, O

The Rev. Ong Chaik Ghee, Sing
pore, to St. Mark's Church, Atlan
Ga.

The Rev. Pedro F. Daluado, Phil
pines, to Micanopy, Fla., circuit.

The Rev. A. Davadas Jacob, Ind
to High Street Church, Muncie, I

The Rev. James C. Lal, India,
Grace Church, Roanoke, Va.

The Rev. Sin Oh Pak, Korea, to Fi
Church, Indiana, Pa.

The Rev. Nobuya Utsunomi
Japan, to Third Avenue Church,
lumbus, Ohio.

The Rev. Daya Prakash Titus, Ind
to First Church, Tampa, Fla.

The Rev. Jose R. Raquindin, Phil
pines, to Canal-Lewisville Church a
two other charges in Meigs and Cosh
ton counties, Ohio.

Spanish Protestants Gain

The Protestant Church in Spain
asserting itself and is growing desp
oppression, Dr. Manuel Gutierr
Marin, Spanish Evangelical Chur
president, told an Evangelical Conf
ence at Frankfurt, Germany.

Membership of Evangelical parish
in the Barcelona area has grown fr

irst column in the new Protestant hurch Center being built near ide Church in New York City is in position as W. J. Demorest, ng Committee chairman, watches.

to 12,000 since the Spanish civil ne said. He also reported that Spanish Catholics and some bish- ve disapproved of the supression testants.

rs Bypass Methodists

hodism in a tension-fraught continues to make headway de- violent nationalism and Com- tyranny.

reports from the Board of Mis- oint to a possible easing of Red ons in at least one Iron Curtain . They also show the church is g despite nationalist rioting in ddle East.

lights:

land—Methodists face a bright in the opinion of the Rev. Joseph owski, general superintendent Methodist Church in Poland.

echoslovakia—Here the church w little, if at all, according to J. Moore, Jr., associate editor of *Outlook*. He found growth lim- government control on the open- new churches and by the diffi- finding new ministers.

lgeria—No Methodists were hurt ch property damaged in the riot- ich put Gen. Charles de Gaulle er. The 600-member Methodist nity is making plans for a new n social center in the heart of to serve 170 families.

rgentina—Methodist Adam Sosa, c Carlos Cucchetti and Rabbi mo Schlesinger have successfully er a Christian-Jewish brother- novement.

orea—Korean Methodists will new bishop at their quadrennial Conference in October.

• Formosa—The Wesley Methodist Church is worshiping in a new $60,000 building as the result of a $50,000 gift from the Philadelphia Conference and more than $10,000 in contributions by members of the Chinese congregation.

Urge New Spiritual Offensive

Methodists now are preparing for a special year of enlistment, March, 1959, to March, 1960, to bring more people into the church and church school. Some 4,500 ministers and laymen mapped strategy for the drive at the National Methodist Convocation on Local Church Evangelism in Washington, D.C.

Speakers stressed Methodism's need for a spiritual revival. Bishop W. Angie Smith, Board of Evangelism president, reported that last year Methodists "coldly threw away 207,000 members by the superficial and at times almost sadistic method of dropping them from our roll. No church," he added, "can long remain powerful whose records and relationships are so superficially maintained."

Bishop Hazen G. Werner called for steps to remedy the "barren church"—the situation in The Methodist Church in which last year 1,529 churches with 111,921 members failed to bring in a single person on profession of faith or through transfer from another denomination or another Methodist church.

Dr. Charles A. Coulson, British atomic physicist, pleaded for what he called Christian involvement: "You cannot lead people to Christ by remote control. Methodism has not continued to make the same impact as in the early days of John and Charles Wesley because we have kept too much to ourselves."

Delegates also heard Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, president, Council of Bishops, warn that Christians must not condone racial injustices.

During the four-day meeting, several men and women testified about their Christian experience. These included:

The Rev. E. W. Stevenson, ex-alcoholic now pastor of the Shaw Memorial Methodist Church, Washington, D.C., who drives a taxi to help his church.

The Rev. Jeanne Audrey Powers, first Methodist woman to graduate from a theological seminary and be ordained for the pastoral ministry since the church granted full clergy rights to women in 1956.

John L. Ray, lawyer and lay evangelist from Charleston, W.Va., who last year participated in the Methodist evangelistic mission in the Philippines.

Sen. Francis Case (R-S.D.), once assistant editor of the *Epworth Herald* and author of books on advertising in the church.

Charles A. Stuck, Jonesboro, Ark.,

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City State

who recently sold his lumber business to devote full time to the church. [See *There's Charley Stuck,* December, 1957, page 44.]

Jean Listerbarger, Ames, Ia., schoolteacher, who was chosen the 1958 National School Teacher of the Year by *McCall's Magazine.* [See *Unusual Methodists,* April, page 31.]

John L. McMullen, Grove City, Pa., a layman who, with his wife, has been commissioned missionary and will leave soon for Japan.

Plan Church and School Policy

A policy statement covering religion and the public schools is being drawn up by a 92-member committee of the National Council of Churches. It may take three years to complete.

Major difficulty, according to Dr. Rolfe L. Hunt, executive director of the council's Department of Religion and Education, is to draw a statement which will apply equally to all faiths.

Dr. Hunt hopes the statement will help church people consider the issues on a community-wide basis. Among issues involved: Teaching religious values, tax support of parochial-school bus service, lunches, and similar services, and religious practices during holidays and at commencement exercises.

Anti-Church Rites Stepped Up

East German Communists are stepping up efforts to replace Christian ceremonies with their own rites for christening, marriage, and burial.

Red papers reveal that name-giving ceremonies for newly born children now will be performed according to Communist ritual. Godparents must promise they will see that the children are brought up in a spirit of "peace, class consciousness, and socialism."

Courts Rule Against Obscenity

Two new court decisions have put the right to ban objectionable films and obscene literature on firmer ground.

The U.S. District Court at Providence, R.I., has dismissed a constitutional challenge of Providence's film-censorship procedures. And Nebraska District Judge Jackson B. Chase has upheld an Omaha ordinance banning the sale of obscene literature, ruling that obscenity is outside the guarantees of free speech.

Prayers: More Than Ever

More people are praying today than at any time in history, Dr. Thomas A. Carruth, director of the World-Wide Prayer Movement of the Methodist General Board of Evangelism, reported recently.

Dr. Carruth, who attributed the trend to the advent of the atomic-space age, added:

"With the satellites, the A-bombs, the H-bombs, they know they have to have God, if they're going to make it."

Speaking at a prayer school at a Deeper Life Conference, Lake Junaluska, N.C., he listed three changes now under way in prayer habits:

1. People are praying more outside the church.
2. Informality in prayer is increasing.
3. Interest is growing among the highly educated.

President-elect Dr. Donald Ebright (left) of Alaska Methodist University and Bishop A. Raymond Grant of the Portland Area break ground for the new school to be built in Anchorage.

Boost Missions in Alaska

Seven new Methodist home missionaries have made history: They were the first assigned from the 48 states to pastorates in Alaska just as the territory was granted statehood, and they formed one of the largest groups to go from "the states" to a home-mission area within a single year.

Assigned to the Alaska Mission Conference by Bishop A. Raymond Grant:

The Rev. Harold W. Diehl, Ishpeming, Mich., Wesley Church, to First Church, Anchorage; The Rev. Benjamin J. Laird, Shell Beach, Calif., Church, to churches at Moose Pass, Girdwood, and Hope; The Rev. Hillis B. Slaymaker, Waseca, Minn., Church, to First Church, Fairbanks; The Rev. Richard E. Bruner, Wasco, Ore., Church, to Turnagain Heights Church in an Anchorage suburb; The Rev. Gerald T. McCray, Inman, Ga., Church, to First Church, Nome; The Rev. Revelle E. Roach, The Dalles, Ore., Church, to churches at Homer, Anchor Point, and Seldovia; and The Rev. William E. Youngblood, Meadville, Miss., Church, to First Church, Ketchikan.

Methodists Help Shape Future of 49th State

Ground-breaking ceremonies for $5-million Alaska Methodist University, planned for 10 years, were held in Anchorage just 24 hours before Congress voted Alaska into the Union.

Bishop A. Raymond Grant of Portland Area turned the first spade of earth with a chrome-plated shovel donated by the young people of the Methodist Church of Northport, N.Y.

A crowd of about 500 watched the ceremony in a clearing in the 242-acre wilderness which will become the campus. Among them was Dr. P. Gordon Gould, Alaska-born and educated, who as a former superintendent of The Methodist Church in Alaska was among the first to see the need for a church-related college there. The university, a project of the Division of National Missions, will be the first church-related, four-year liberal-arts school in the 49th state.

Assisting Bishop Grant were Dr. Donald F. Ebright, university president; and Bishop A. Frank Smith, Division president.

A multi-purpose academic building will be the first constructed. Architects are drawing plans now for the building, scheduled to open in the fall of 1960. Leaders predict an enrollment of 1,000 in 10 years.

At the dedication, the Anchorage committee handed the deed to the campus to Treasurer H. Conwell Snoke, of the Board of Missions. Anchorage citizens, in addition to giving the site, have pledged $700,000.

Some 30 leaders of Methodism on the mainland and nearly all Methodist ministers in Alaska attended the dedication.

When Alaska enters the Union, it will be the first state in which Christianity was introduced from Russia, back in 1794. This was 53 years after Vitus Bering, a Dane in the Russian Imperial Navy, discovered the territory.

Although Alaskan aborigines are largely unchristianized, Alaska's 215,000 population includes thriving Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Eastern Orthodox communities. Methodists number about 5,000.

Honor First Methodist Bishop

A service honoring Francis Asbury, first bishop of Methodism, was the climax of a meeting of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies at Lake Junaluska, N.C. [See *'Live or Die' I Must Ride,* page 32.]

High light of the service was the presentation of the new and annotated edition of Asbury's journal and letters. The edition was edited by Dr. Elmer T. Clark, executive secretary of the association; The Rev. J. Manning Potts, editor of the *Upper Room,* and The Rev. Jacob S. Payton, retired Methodist

list and Washington correspond- the former *Christian Advocate*. resentation was made by Cecil D. manager of Abingdon Press, is co-publisher with Epworth of London.

lication of the journal and letters ne of 14 projects recently recog- by the National Historical Pub- ns Commission of the federal ıment.

er projects to be undertaken by Methodist historians include an *lopedia of Methodism*, a *History erican Methodism*, a *Life of As-* and publications of journals of as Haskin, Joseph Pilmoor, as Rankin, and others.

ish Methodists sent word that the corporation of West Bromwich ken over the boyhood home of s Asbury and has designated it ric spot. A reconstruction scheme ndon includes an arterial road h the Aldersgate area, famed Methodists as the scene of John 's heart-warming experience. As- e has been given that the name rsgate Street" will be retained and propriate plaque will be placed new industrial building to re- Barclay's Bank, site of the original in Aldersgate Street."

'S DIGEST . . .

E GOOD LIFE. "Decency and a ciety can't be legislated." So says sota State Representative Carroll g, who at 34 has given up his l career to join a religious com- in Pennsylvania where "our tion is the Sermon on the ' With King went his wife and lren.

D-RAISING STARS. Setting aise $5,000 in one day, Method- North and South Dakota col- lected $7,674 instead. The money will go to a Methodist school in Korea.

LAYMEN'S DAY. Two Methodist laymen, Samuel W. Witwer, attorney, and Dr. Rolfe Lanier Hunt, former editor-educator and now a National Council of Churches' staff member, are preparing the material to be used as aids for Methodist Laymen's Day, Oct. 19.

WOMAN HEADS BAPTISTS. The American Baptist Convention (northern) has elected Mrs. Maurice B. Hodge of Portland, Ore., as its fourth woman president in 50 years.

ACRES FOR METHODISM. The Methodist Board of Temperance is paying $1.5 million for a 19-acre tract near American University, Washington, D.C., for a possible site of a religious center.

SWEEPSTAKES WOES. Gambling in Ireland—home of the famous Irish Sweepstakes—has become "a moral, social, and economic problem of the first magnitude," warns the Methodist Conference of Ireland.

WORK FOR BROTHERHOOD. A total of 235 U.S. young people are among 1,000 participating in 40 World Council of Churches-sponsored ecumenical work camps in 26 countries.

HONOR JAPANESE CHRISTIAN. For his world-wide contribution to devotional literature and his Christian social work, Toyohiko Kagawa, one of Japan's top Christian leaders, received, on his 70th birthday, an *Upper Room* distinguished-service citation.

CHALLENGE. In Pittsburgh, Pa., 4,000 delegates to the annual Midwest convention of the Syrian Orthodox Youth Organization were challenged "to dedicate themselves as lay apostles to the spiritual strengthening of home and community."

ORATORIO. More than 200 musicians attending the Institute of Church Music at the Methodist Summer Assembly at Lake Junaluska, N.C., early this month heard the singing of the oratorio, *The Invisible Fire*.

Based on the lives of the founders of Methodism, John and Charles Wesley, the oratorio had its world premier last Dec. 31 at the National Methodist Student Conference at the University of Kansas. It was presented for the first time in a church on May 25 by the Chancel Choir of First Church, Boulder, Colo., and televised that same day by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"This one must be from the Dead Sea. I can't hear a thing."

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God's for Everyday

FOR A LONG time we had been promising to take our sons to eat dinner at a Mexican restaurant. Finally the big night arrived and there we sat, the first course spread before us, the attentive waiter leaning over to light the second candle on our table. Suddenly his arm stopped in mid-air.

My sons' voices cut through the hum of conversation: "Lord, we thank thee . . ."

The waiter's face was a study in astonishment. People at nearby tables stared. Through it all, the young voices continued in unison, reciting the blessing which we say at home before every meal.

I remember very little about what we ate. I only know it seemed my cheeks never stopped burning. I sat through the rest of the meal as if obeying an unseen drill sergeant's command: "Eyes front!"

Thinking it over later, I was appalled at my own embarrassment. Why had I been so annoyed because my sons asked God to bless their food in a public place?

I asked myself, am I a hypocrite? Am I ashamed of my religion? Is my relationship with God something I can display only in the privacy of my own home?

The next afternoon I was sewing at an open window just over a lean-to my boys had put up in our yard. My sons were out there with a couple of friends, getting ready to eat a picnic snack. Suddenly I heard my boys' voices, in unison: "Lord, we thank thee . . ."

The same blessing, just as if they were inside our home. When they finished, I heard the incredulous voice of one of their friends: "What the heck was that for?"

Then my younger son's voice: "Don't you know anything? That's the blessing people ask before they eat."

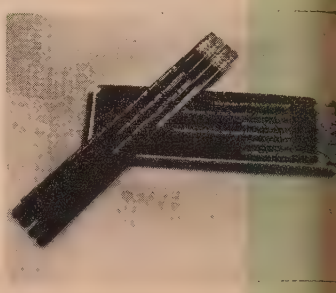
Again, the visitor: "You mean it's a prayer? You're supposed to say prayers in church, on Sunday!"

This time my son didn't even pause to think. "Gosh, you're dumb," he exploded. "God's not just for Sunday. God's for everyday!"

There it was, the key to all the world's problems: "God's for everyday." And, I thought, "a little child shall lead them."

—HELEN H. WATKINS

Shopping



Ten Commandmen Pencils—Here's a way t stimulate your child's intere in church-school lessons. Ea of these very special lead penci is printed with one of the Co mandments in gold. They'll e courage greater pride in writi efforts, create pleasant associ tion with learning. Fine, too, class gifts. Set, $1. *Ziff's, Dep T, Box 3072, Merchandise Ma Plaza, Chicago, Ill.*

Threshold Harp—The w coming hum of the *Swedi door harp*—akin to the Japane wind chimes and the bells sarna—adds a bit of Old Wor tradition to your home as y greet guests. Opening the do sets the wooden balls to striki the wires (which may tuned), sounding a note of ho pitality. Stained wood, han decorated, $7.50. *Swedi Crafts, Dept. T, Lindsborg, Ka*

ogether

u must be satisfied or these shops will refund your money when eturn items promptly (except personalized). Enclose payment.

Recipe Organizer—Many a mouth-watering meal goes uncooked because you can't find that recipe you clipped. File it safely in *Cooking Clips*. Loose-leaf binder has nine category-index pages made like envelopes to store recipes, 30 filler leaves to affix them to. Red, with black and white, 8½x6 leaves. $2.85. *RMS Interiors, Dept. T, 11146 S. Michigan, Chicago 28, Ill.*

e Secretary—Clipped the phone, the plastic *Tel-a-* convenient. It has an alpha- phone index, 4x6 note pad, ll-point pen. As a prestige have initials engraved in the te on lid. Ivory, red, green, yellow, black. $3.98. *Terry o., Dept. T, 3537 Adams Ave., go, Calif.*

from the kitchen of
RUTH MURRAY

of Goodness—For that wonderful lady who gives yummy gifts e-canned goods, here are her own *personal canning labels* to her the artist she is. The 3x2 label is decorated with colorful nd leaves. Backing peels off to affix to dry jar. Print name. 100 for *Charlotte Thomas, Dept. T, Sewell, N.J.*

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Let's Get Acquainted

Hartzell Spence: history is his hobb

It doesn't take much prodding to make **Hartzell Spence** ta about the history of Methodism in America. "Modern Methodists he says, "ought to know more about Methodist history in th country; ours is a heritage to be proud of." Nevertheless, he suspec that too many Methodists know little of our church's colorful pas

The son of a Methodist minister, Spence explains his enthusiast this way: "Anyone with a Methodist background would be inte ested in Francis Asbury [*Live or Die, I Must Ride,* page 32], an the part he played in turning Methodism from a captive of th Anglican Church to a great denomination."

Known for his book and movie, *One Foot in Heaven,* Spence ha a long list of other volumes and magazine articles to his credi Fittingly, his series in *Look* magazine, *The Story of Religions America,* began with Methodism's history.

●

To get material for *They Wear the 'Yoke' Behind Walls* [pag 12], **William L. Worden** talked with bank robbers, dope pusher and other hardened criminals at McNeil Island federal peniten tiary—and was greatly impressed by the pride the Yokefellow among the inmates feel in their organization. Unlike most priso ers, they do not blame others for their plight; they shoulder th blame themselves.

One prisoner told Worden the story of a skeptical old warde about to retire. He called a Yokefellow prisoner, admitted he ha once felt the idea was tommyrot, but explained that he wante to investigate before leaving. The prisoner's sincere explanation co vinced the warden, who retired, puzzled as to how the organizatio could flourish in prison—but convinced it did.

Worden, his wife, and son live in Bellevue, Wash. Ex-new paperman Worden was with the Associated Press for 10 years b fore he became a full-time free lancer. His work has appeared i *The Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest,* and other nation magazines.

●

When **Barbara Paige's** family (Barbara Paige is the nom d plume of a Western housewife) returned from a jaunt to Switze land, they brought back a king-size souvenir—a huge St. Berna dog. In many ways he helped provide inspiration for Mrs. Paige *Pets Beyond Price* [page 17].

But pets aren't Mrs. Paige's only hobby; she loves to plan famil tours and to cook. On the family's 25,000-mile European tour, Mr Paige swapped recipes with housewives in almost every town the visited.

Besides being a free-lance writer, Mrs. Paige is a youth advise PTA member, Girl Scout leader—and active Methodist. Her Meth odist grandparents crossed the plains in a covered wagon in 185 to pioneer in Oregon.

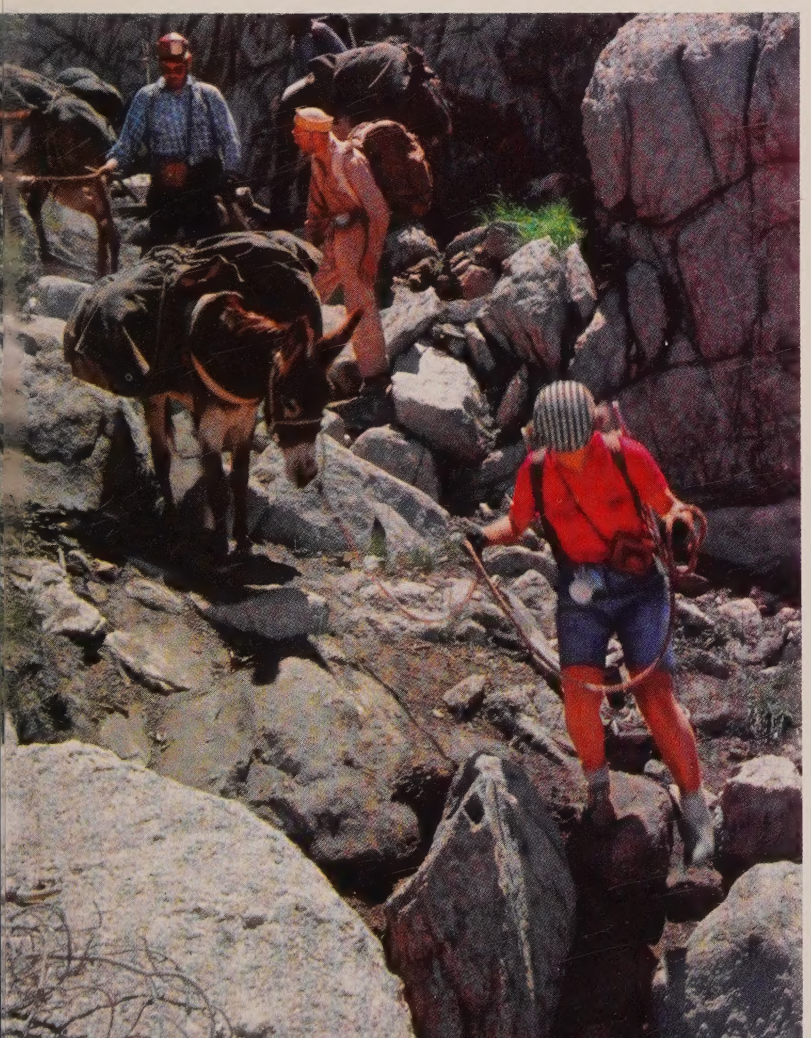
PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Ozzie Sweet • 2—Bob Taylor • 9—Erna Clark • 17—Bob Tayl • 18—Top-Paul Huf-Globe; Bot.-Ohio State U. • 19—Top-Methodist Prints • 20-21—Blac Star • 22—Charles H. Cox • 35—Shostal • 38—Top & 39—Top-Grant Heilman • 39 R. Bot.-Shostal • 43—Patterson-Black Star • 61—Robert Case • 63-64-65—Humphrey Walz 70—Ward W. Wells • 74—Methodist Information • 75-76—Robert Orth • 25-26-27-28-3 37-38—L.-40-41-42-56-60—George P. Miller.

Each summer a Methodist preacher and his wife conduct a Trail Camp for single young adults far from civilization's bustle. Last year—

First day of climbing brings the party to Kearsarge Pass—at elevation of 11,823 feet.

They climbed the Highest Mountain

Mount Whitney, tallest peak in the U.S.



ELEVEN MONTHS of the year, the Rev. Ralph D. York ministers to the Community Methodist Church at Redwood City, Calif. But each August finds him hitting the long trail into some remote mountain or desert area. Scenery changes but York's ministry goes on.

Last year he and Mrs. York directed the third annual Single Young Adult Trail Camp of the California-Nevada Conference. Part of the Methodist Summer Camps program, the trail led into the steep, rugged Sierras—no place for softies. The party of eight, with back packs and three balky burros, wound its way 50 miles through high passes, around dizzy precipices, past granite pinnacles and domes. Their destination: the 14,495-foot summit of Mount Whitney, highest in continental U. S.

In addition to the preacher and his wife, the party included a nuclear-research chemist, an electronics engineer, a schoolteacher, a college student, a legal secretary, and a paint analyst. More than spectacular scenery and an urge to pioneer brought these young

Third day: *The pack train makes eight miles, moving into a pleasant, bowl-shaped valley. Camp for the night: a pine grove beside a mountain waterfall.*

Fourth day: At 13,200 feet, nights are cold—but a full moon and campfire prompt hymn singing and talk into the wee hours.

Fifth day: The summit of Mount Whitney is still several days away as the young campers take a rugged trail blasted out of sheer rock by park rangers in 1938.

people to the Sierras. By the flickering campfire there were long discussions of religion. And there were prayers and hymns as each person sought a renewal of faith in God and his fellow man.

"In the words of the old hymn and in more ways than one," York says, "we wanted to plant our feet on higher ground. We wanted to make the long climb from fear to faith, to deepen our insights into relationships with God, Jesus, self, and fellow men."

After reaching the snowcapped summit, the party returned home. Elapsed time: nearly two weeks on the trail. Today the Yorks are busy with plans for another distinctive Trail Camp. This time it's into Death Valley, lowest point in the U. S.—yet certain to bring them as close to God as when they triumphantly climbed the highest mountain.

ONE HOUR

Together we watched
The colored clouds flower
And shatter; frail blossoms
Of one dawning hour.

Together we saw
One mourning dove fly
Slowly across
Our forget-me-not sky.

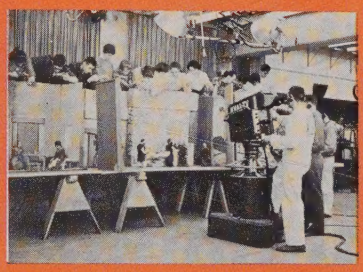
—*Jane Merchant*

THE BEST THAT IS YET TO COME

During its nearly two years of publishing, TOGETHER has drawn praise from readers all over the world. But the editors of TOGETHER promise even more outstanding stories, inspiring articles, and colorful pictorials in future issues. Here are just a few examples of what is coming.

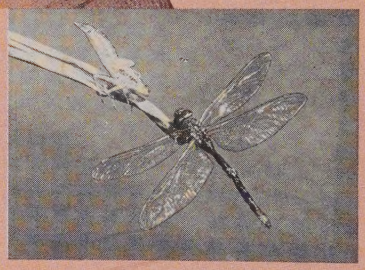
"*John the Baptist—Today*"—the Dead Sea Scrolls reveal new, exciting facts about John the Baptist—reported for TOGETHER by famed scholar and archaeologist W. F. Albright of Johns Hopkins University.

"*Don't Be Afraid to Say the Word, God*"—a "must" article for parents concerned with teaching their children how to pray.



"*Parables in Miniature*"—dramatically illustrates how much fun an entire congregation can have working together on its own weekly television show.

"*A Light in the Wilderness*"—the story of hymn singing Methodists who surged across the Mississippi establishing one of the first Protestant churches west of the great river.



"*Many Look—Few See*" except when photographer - philanthropist Myrtle Walgreen captures God's handiwork in microscopic detail.

"*The Church that Choirs Built*"—you'll feel like singing your own song when you read this TOGETHER report on a "modern miracle" achieved through music.

"*Christmas Comes to Chattanooga*"—looking for a new, inspiring way to celebrate this holy event? Here are some wonderful ideas from Chattanooga.

Watch for these provo
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"Why Methodists Do
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